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SKULLS AND CROSSBONES AND NINE-LEAVED CLOVER

JAMES HUNEKER

WHEN Sir Oliver Lodge, as President of the British Association of Science, metaphorically slapped the face of Professor Schäfer, his predecessor, because of the latter's "materialism," misinformed persons fancied there would be waged a wordy warfare. As a matter of fact, no war was waged. Professor Schäfer is a busy man and his adversary was sparring with a straw figure, the old stuffed effigy, long known as "the arrogant man of science," that bogie of middle-class orthodoxy which flourished during the mid-Victorian period. The speech of Sir Oliver at Birmingham was an attempted answer to Professor Schäfer's speech the previous year. But that particular speech, like the historic Belfast address of Tyndall's, was neither arrogant nor was it windy prophecy. Tyndall's idea of the potentialities of matter have been verified with the years; elusive and magical as is radium, nevertheless it is matter; its properties are apprehended in terms of the real. Not less miraculous is wireless telegraphy. What "miracle" in the past can match it? For Walt Whitman the "hinges" of his hand were miraculous. The starry heaven and the moral law filled Kant with awe. Rightly viewed, we are living a constant miracle, whether as matter or as spirit; for these categories are outworn verbalisms interchangeable in meaning. Matter in the light of recent experiment is none the less ethereal and spirit none the less material. The curious part of Sir Oliver's attack is that he and his followers are really materialists, for they desire to render visible the invisible, to weigh the spiritual; while the materialists, so-called,

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are seeking an opposite path. Occult phenomena are just now suspected and Sir Oliver Lodge's appeal for the "spiritualization" of science but recalls the experiments of Sir William Crookes and the "materialization" of the spritely "Katie King" and the other's dire exposure; also the sad ending of Professor Zoellner, of Leipzig, as a result of his endeavor to discover the Fourth Dimension of Space. The fling at the "relativists" by Lodge now demonstrates the hopelessness of arguing with an absolutist. Yet, nature abhors an absolute.

Science is ever humble and only records. To limit investigation because some table-tipper or clairvoyant believes science to be "materialistic" is to open the door to the whole rag-tag and bobtail that hovers about the moving army of civilization, playing upon its credulity, and exacting toll for its fake panaceas. Sir Oliver's utterances were not warmly received by the orthodox, but fortune-tellers, palm-readers, astrologists, horoscope humbugs, anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists, friends of barn-burning and votes for children, and purple motherism; in a word, all enemies of the light, of progress, hail the President of the British Association as a mighty prophet. It was the clear-thinking Huxley who said "our knowledge is restricted to those feelings of which we assume external phenomena to be the cause," which is modest enough; and Sir E. Ray Lankester truthfully adds: "We think it is of the utmost importance to humanity to maintain that separation"—i. e., we have gained this science by making observation and inference—the main purpose of our mental activity, and by keeping them entirely distinct and free from any unverified suppositions, hopes, or fears, as to the ultimate mechanism and its purpose—"lest once again human thought be paralyzed by bogies and by those who seek to wield power over their fellows by the false pretence that they not merely guess but know the secret workings."

Sir Oliver Lodge was answered at one of the sessions in a paper by Professor B. Moore with the collaboration of Mr. Arthur Webster. The authors demonstrated that sunlight so effected chemical and physical changes in organic matter as to bring about a form of life. However, this is a question for the biologists. After witnessing the results of the experiments

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of Hugo de Vries at Amsterdam last autumn we balk at nothing. And de Vries is not "arrogant"; nor was Darwin, the astronomer, nor Father Secchi.

What has literally been a magnificent bone of contention was the discovery of the Piltdown skull in Sussex, December, 1912, by Mr. Charles Dawson. It is unlike other ancient skulls, but the fact that two such eminent men of science as Professor Arthur Keith of the Royal College of Surgeons and Dr. Smith-Woodward of the British Museum should dispute over their respective reconstructions has kept the British Association in a state of suspense. Dr. Smith-Woodward's reconstruction shows us the Piltdown creature as half man half ape, with a brain capacity of 1,070 cubic centimetres; while Professor Keith's reconstruction shows a human brain with the normal capacity of 1,500 cubic centimetres. Professor Elliot Smith partially sides with Keith. It appears that Father Teilhard, a young French palæontologist, who was working with Mr. Dawson, found a tooth in undisturbed gravel not far from the spot where was exhumed the skull of "Eoanthropus Dawsonii." This tooth it was that lends color to Dr. Smith-Woodward's claim. Not so, says Keith, whose argument is: "By some mischance the groove for the median blood channel which runs along the roof of the skull was displaced nearly an inch to one side . . . In the original reconstruction the bones of the right and left sides are nearly in contact; in the amended reconstruction—my own—they are widely separated in order that the groove for the venous channel may fall into its natural position, namely, in the middle line of the roof of the skull." This technical fault, urges Professor Keith, has caused the Smith-Woodward reconstruction. But what a disappointment it would be if the skull was once owned by some thick headed Briton. I haven't read that glorious book of fun, *The Pickwick Papers,* for years, so I can't quote the episode of the finding of "Bill Stumps, his mark" (was it Stubbs or Stumps?). This page might be profitably read by certain scientific men without a sense of humor.

Théophile Gautier with due solemnity once urged the French authorities to exhibit at the Jardin d'Acclimation, in a cage,

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specimens of naked mankind because, thanks to civilization, we are fast forgetting our origins, even the look of our race. A real live human, male or female, hopping about, freed from the restraints of clothes, would, added the witty "Théo," furnish a startling novelty for Parisians. And by the same token the appearance of such a little book as *Man and his Forerunners,* by H. V. Buttel-Reepen, (translated by A. G. Thacker; Longmans, Green & Co., New York) is a timely reminder, if not the same sort as Gautier's. From its simple and concise prose we may learn something of our ancestry and of our relationship to the animal world. Thanks to metaphysicians and "idealists," mankind has become a sort of sublimated intelligence and nothing more. After observing, even superficially, the phylogenetic development of the brain at the Central Institute for Brain Research, Amsterdam, (as I did under the guidance of its director, the brilliant young Dutch neurologist, Dr. C. U. Ariëns Kappers, whose paper on Neurobio Taxis—the course of fibre tracts in the nervous system afforded sufficient evidence that their arrangement was influenced if not determined by associative stimuli, was his thesis—was much appreciated at the recent International Medical Congress) we may no longer claim the distinction of being of different cerebral fibre from the animals, no matter the huge intellectual gulf that intervenes. That exquisitely subtle neuronic recoil or involution which is called metaphysics—Goethe rather contemptuously spoke of it as "thinking about thought"—is the greatest triumph of the highest cerebral centres over the lesser. To be able to say "*Io sono Io,*" or pronounce the Cartesian formula, "*Cogito, ergo sum,*" is to put mankind at ease with its environment, if not precisely solving the riddle of the universe. Man does this (Quinton of the French Institute believes that birds come later than man in the evolutionary series) and animals do not—perhaps for that reason the latter live a more contented existence. (Are we not far now from the famous phrase of Cabanis which so shocked Père Lacordaire early in the 19th century: "Man is a digestive tube pierced at both ends"?) The truth is we think backward and live forward.

Mr. Thacker in his bibliography to the *Man and his Forerunners* makes the significant statement that "general treatises

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on Pleistocene Man, published before 1908, are now almost valueless." A new science, indeed, dating as it does from yesterday, nevertheless its few discoveries are weighty ones. I can't resist the temptation of giving you Professor Buttel-Reepen's summing up, before I transcribe the half dozen discoveries that have revolutionized all that has been hitherto written on the momentous theme of the origins of our race. He says: "It has of course never been believed in scientific circles that men are descended from apes, but only from a common ancestor with them, although the contrary has often been stated by the opponents of evolution. Such misunderstandings are well dealt with by Klaatsch in the following words: 'such a misconception is best corrected by stating that the apes are to be regarded as the results of unsuccessful attempts to compass the road to mankind, as degenerate branches of the prehuman stock, which in adapting themselves to special conditions of life in the struggle for existence sacrificed important parts of their anatomy, the way upward being cut off in particular by the reduction of the thumb. Whilst this was happening, a more favored branch of the primeval stem was quietly evolving upward into mankind, retaining in the process many of the primitive characters!'" This misconception, adds Buttel-Reepen, may be crudely summarized in the statement:—Man is not descended from the ape, but the ape from man. It would be well, however, to take the theory *cum grano salis*. A few years ago I would have said with pounds of salt, for then I was taught almost the same theory by the very religious order that is said to be opposed to the evolutionary theory. Apes were described as degenerate men, about as reasonable an idea as the contrary statement. The "Fall" must have been when the first ape stood up on hindlegs and patronized its maker; thus its brain developed! I agree with William James that the man who discovered Time and Space was the greatest benefactor of mankind, though Remy de Gourmont believes that the title should be accorded to the man who first used fire. But was it man or his predecessor who first discovered the uses of fire? I remember several stories told me by a returned traveller from some vast and tremendous regions in Africa, stories retailed to him by the natives. One was that

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monkeys can converse as fluently as the natives, but never do if there is a chance of their being overheard because detection would be followed by captivity and hard work; also the enforced wearing of clothes, which they detest. Hence their cunning. They have, however, been overheard, though neither Du Chaillu nor Garner has confirmed this tale. Another story is that the sacred apes of Benares have been seen in secret glades cowering and gossiping over a fire of their own making, just like sacred apes all over the world. I recall a monkey in the Hamburg Zoological Garden which had a mirror and literally starved to death because it could not be coaxed away from the contemplation of its own face. This anthropoidal Narcissus would leap in disgust from the society of its companions and spent its days staring. It grew ill, peevish, moody, dangerous and finally refused food. All this is not miles away from certain traits in humanity; indeed, from the fabled superman. In Amsterdam there is a pair of Orang-outangs at the Zoo which for eccentric behavior beat the doings of any superman or superwoman. The female is the boss. Her joy in living manifests itself in slamming her brother spouse (for the social situation is like *Die Walküre; Sieglinde and Siegmund*) on the floor of their cozy apartment and compelling him to perform all kinds of disagreeable tasks. When she has mortified him sufficiently, she smiles a sinister smile at the audience, as much as to say: "You would give me the vote, would you! now this is what I am doing to prove I'm your master." And then she begins anew her persecutions while her human cousins on the other side of the bars duly grin and applaud.

But the very human proceedings of these "degenerate men and ladies" need not concern us now. It is to the discovery of the Neandertal skull in 1856 that we must turn. Heavy brow-ridges, the brain case of very small cubic capacity, with other peculiarities prove this skull to have belonged to a race of men, or species of men, who lived in Europe during the great Ice Age. A short time after this skull was discovered the bone and teeth of the cave-bear, the cave hyena and an extinct rhinoceros were found in the same stratum and quite close to the skull. All these animals, writes our author, are now extinct. They lived during

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the Pleistocene or Glacial Period, the age in the earth's history immediately preceding that in which we ourselves live. Their authenticity is not to be denied, as the remains near the skull point to an extremely ancient date. In 1892 M. Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon, discovered in Java a remarkable being—a creature which can only be held to be intermediate between man and his prehuman ancestors. This Ape man of Java (Pithecanthropus erectus) was discovered in a cliff: the roof of a skull, and a cheek tooth (in 1891); a thigh bone (or femur) and a second cheek tooth in 1892; and later Dubois found a third tooth (a pre-molar.) One of the most significant discoveries of human remains in a stratum which may be as old as the Pleiocene was made in 1907 near the village Mauer, not far from Heidelberg, Germany. This jaw with human teeth, and absence of chin (for the chin is quite a modern achievement of mankind) is the most valued treasure of the scientific world and the Heidelberg man is now a distinct tribe in the rather vague histories written of primeval mankind. The Piltdown skull is another treasure, for there have been discovered many corroborative remains and for all the fascinating details the book of Buttel-Reepen is heartily recommended. Thanks to the courtesy of Dr. Kappers I was personally introduced to Mr. "Pithecanthropus Erectus" in Amsterdam, where, at the Chemical and Geological Institute stands a life size reconstruction made by his discoverer, Professor Dubois, who lives at Haarlem but lectures at this Institute. I was shocked to discover the resemblance between this Java man and a certain artist I knew who thinks that the Post-Impressionists paint like gorillas. "Pithy" (for short) is about 5 feet 6 inches high, has poor shoulders and very long flail-like arms; his feet and hands are almost alike. His forehead is low, retreating and above his eyes is a prominent superciliary ridge, the sure mark of his ape origin. He is beardless and chinless (where is the theory of the prognathic wild man now?) and his eyes do most fiercely glare. Unlike Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam I did not weep but smiled over Nietzsche's notion of a great Blond Beast roaming the dusty plains of an unfamiliar Europe in search of his prey. (Pithy our remote ancestors were not.) When the Woodward-Smith vs. Arthur

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Keith controversy will be settled no one may say. You may remember some time ago the controversy between Dr. Ales Hedlicka and the anthropologist, Florentino Amegtino, concerning the alleged human remains discovered in Argentina. Merely bones of "Homo Sapiens" was the verdict of Hedlicka, and he proved his case. Every discovery is discredited by some one and this admirable scepticism always results in the truth being brought to light. Science then is not so arrogant as the soothsayers who descry your fate in a mystic bowl of water. By the way, Balzac's theory of movement in man as revelatory of his character should be read by all students, as it is suggestive and in the key of our subject.

It was a warm September Saturday morning when in company with Dr. Kappers I met that truly great scientist and most modest man, Hugo de Vries, and in his own "experimental garden" at the Amsterdam Botanic Garden (Hortus Siccus, is the legend over the gates). Professor de Vries—he is professor at the University of Amsterdam—looked very well after his long visit to America, where in New York he was invited by President Butler to join the teaching faculty of Columbia College. He wisely declined the honor, notwithstanding the horticultural temptations of Bronx Park. But, being a canny Dutchman, he hammered this offer into the heads of the Dutch authorities, and was given a new and more commodious building in which to work out his now famous doctrine of the Mutation of plant and flower life. He admires Luther Burbank and thus sums up the difference in their respective experiments: "Burbank crosses species, I seek to create new ones." He does create new species, does this benevolent looking Klingsor with the flowers in his Magic Garden. But it is white, not black magic. He lets nature follow her capricious way, giving her from time to time a gentle hint; a sort of floral eugenics. I saw 8 leaved clovers and was told that many more leaves may bud, as the clover was originally a stalk full of leaves. For the superstitiously inclined there are 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 leaved varieties. The Evening Primrose (Aeonthera Lamarckiana) is at present the object of Professor de Vries' experiments. Certainly

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this yellow flower means more to him than it did to Wordsworth's "Peter." He ties up its petals in tiny bags and protected from marauding birds and bees, and no doubt being bored by its solitude (though pistil and stamen remain) it begins to put forth a new species. With my own eyes I witnessed the miracle of a half dozen flowers in the world that were not in existence a year ago. That is creating life, indeed, and even Sir Oliver Lodge must give his assent to the statement. The new flower is a "constant," it goes on reproducing itself, but at times the back of a leaf shows a struggle to revert to its old pupillaceous state. Darwin taught that evolution is orderly, progressive, slow, without jumps—nature never leaps; there are no sudden miracles. De Vries proves the reverse—the miracle has taken place over night in his experiments; nature strikes out swiftly, blindly, apparently without selection. The age of miracles is not past. I saw what he called a rosette, a green plant-like production, and was told that it was a new birth of the commonplace Primrose—in Alabama he gathered his parent flowers. Really you think of the "Dr. Moreau" of H. G. Wells (his remarkable book) and wonder if such things could be possible in the human order. De Vries is the most significant figure in the history of science since Darwin.

He has just published a big volume concerning his travels and experiments while in America. His great work on "Mutation" was translated long ago, but it is principally for students. I can recommend, however, a pamphlet of 37 pages, entitled "Afstammings en Mutatis—Leer" (published in the Levensvragen Series at Baarn, near Utrecht, Holland), as containing in crystallized form the doctrine of Mutation, set forth by its author with a wealth of argument and in his usual clarity of style. Professor de Vries speaks and writes English fluently and idiomatically, but he is too immersed in his work to translate his prose into our language.

I was loth to leave the presence of this man who, in the Indian Summer of his life, looks like a bard and philosopher, summoning strange and beautiful flowers from the vasty deep of nature. He is an exalted member of the most honorable profession in the world, a gentle gardener of genius.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF FEMINISM

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

IN an undated past man obtained his food by the chase and by plunder—the hunting stage, we are wont to call this. But while the male persisted in this mode of life, there is good reason to hold that the woman in due course of time resorted to a kind of rudimentary agriculture and horticulture. The old myth is quite right, then, in declaring that it was a goddess who taught man how to till the ground, trained him in the arts of peace, built him homes, and led him at last to live kindly with his kind.

This achievement of woman was not due to accident or to feminine caprice. She did not wake up some fine morning and say: "Go to; I'm tired of the chase; you men can wield the 'big stick'; but I mean to plan some better way; I am thinking out a scheme of my own." Not that! Her new thought arose from the hidden depths of her nature as woman. Her new plan was a natural necessity of her destiny to bear and rear children. This function handicapped her in the chase, and claimed her physical strength; and therefore she had to hit upon some substitute for predatory roaming. This substitute could not possibly be anything but *work,* work where she was, and therefore work in the soil.

Now it was this work on the part of woman that formed the new foundation on which all the future generations built. A world-historical moment, this, to which we may not refuse to give the deepest interpretation. Weakness was made strength. The weak inherited the earth. Not the savage's "big stick," but woman's faith and insight and survey and vision became the motor of our civilization. Indeed, it was something in woman deeper than her choices, wiser than her deliberations, more imperious than her conscious necessities, to which we must credit the great step forward. Mother's rights were the first human rights. Matriarchy preceded patriarchy. The mother gave her name to her child. Her grave was humanity's earliest sanctuary.

So much for the beginning of the woman movement. How

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manual labor led to her servitude, how the lord of the forest coerced her to do for him what he had not learned to do for himself,—this primitive secular and menial ideal of womankind requires but passing mention to serve my purpose.

But the second historic fact to which I wish to refer is the attitude of Christianity to woman.

There is room for difference of opinion as to the meaning and even the genuineness of the few diverse sayings of Jesus concerning women. The gospels report utterances of his which would require the total elimination of sexual "desire" from the sexual life, and support also the absolute indissolubility of the marriage "contract." On the other hand, those same gospels yield the full substance of Pompilia's words of flawless beauty in Browning's *Ring and the Book:*

> ". . . . . He is priest;
> He cannot marry therefore, which is right:
> I think he would not marry if he could.
> Marriage on earth seems such a counterfeit,
> Mere imitation of the inimitable:
> In heaven we have the real and true and sure.
> 'Tis there they neither marry nor are given
> In marriage, but are as the angels: right,
> O, how right that is, how like Jesus Christ
> To say that! Marriage-making for the earth,
> With gold so much,—birth, power, repute so much,
> Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these!
> Be as the angels rather, who, apart,
> Know themselves into one, are found at length
> Married, but marry never, no, nor give
> In marriage; they are man and wife at once
> When the true time is . . ."

To be sure, it is futile and false to answer any question or solve any problem with the mere words of Jesus. For him there was no marriage question or any other kind of question,—or, rather, there was only one question: he himself. Nothing so easy as to gather up his hypothetic sayings and press them into a "system"—and nothing so perverse, so false! It was a new life alone with which he was concerned. From love such as his a new world was to arise, wherein problems and social ques-

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tions would cease to torture. Old things were to pass away: poverty, riches, family, state, calling, old conditions, relations—all these were to go. There was no family "according to the conception of Jesus," and so there was no "doctrine" of Jesus concerning the family. He had only one phrase: Kingdom of God. All that he said had reference to this coming kingdom; he said nothing in the sense of a finished doctrine concerning a definite object. How could he? How could one and the same Jesus propound doctrines concerning human relations and yet proclaim the imminent dissolution of these relations in favor of a new world of a different order? How could a carpenter at once advise as to the improvement of a building and decide to tear it down? No, Jesus would make all things new. He was the arch-radical, in this regard, of all the ages. Beside this purpose, there were to him no questions or problems or movements—not even the woman movement.

It was somewhat different with Paul. He had quite definite views upon the subject of marriage and virginity. From the seventh chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—and if Paul did not write this, we have nothing from his pen—it is clear that he stood for the ideals of sexual asceticism and virginity. Best not to marry at all, he says. Or, if you must, being incontinent—you observe that he made incontinence and not love the basis for marrying—remember that marriage is a necessary evil. His position, I doubt not, was due, partly, to the sexually surfeited, decadent, pessimistic attitude of contemporaneous antiquity; partly also to his belief that the end of the world was at hand; but especially, in part, to his own continence which, from his point of view, rendered marriage superfluous. Certainly, as he thought of the speedy end of the world, he said: Let them that are married be as if they were not.

When we pass to the ideal of woman in the ancient Church it is plain sailing. That ideal found embodiment in the image of *Maria,* dominant throughout many subsequent centuries. Still, we do not find it easy in our situation to appreciate aright this feminine ideal of the old Church. The "Queen of Heaven," the "Mother of God," the "Pure Virgin"—these are among

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the stones of stumbling which the old Church has bequeathed to modern thought.

And yet, at the great turning-point of ancient civilization, when the old gods through age-long mutation and evolution unified and matured into a God of all the world, and when the Triune God had subdued and subjugated the barbarian peoples, the maternal deity, Maria, Queen of Heaven, competed for primacy with the all-powerful Church God, and won the victory. In the affections of the people, Maria became more than Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! And, indeed, in the whole history of the race, the gods have been worsted by the woman in the end—whether "the female of the species be more deadly than the male" or not!

Now, Maria was the solution of the woman question of her day. In ancient Greek civilization, the ideal of woman was *sensuous* beauty, celebrated in the statue of Venus. From Venus to Maria, that was the great change. In Maria, mediæval civilization acknowledged the *spiritual* dignity of womankind. All women began to chant Maria's song in the primitive legend (Luke 1:46-48). A new position for woman in the history of the race. She became sacred by virtue of the sacred child.

But, for all that, I have to point out that this old ecclesiastical picture of woman is full of contradictions. To exalt marriage by celibacy, to honor motherhood by virginity,—that is contradiction. To be ashamed of sexuality, natural to every normal human being, and yet adorn the *head* with a halo of heavenly glory, alien and external to the very nature of that human being,—this, too, is contradiction. The head cannot be honorable if the body is shameful.

And so, the ideal woman of the old Church came to be the nun, who sundered herself from the natural that she might serve the supernatural, from the secular that she might serve the sacred, from man that she might serve the Heavenly virgin. The *nun* was "emancipated."

In the end, the ecclesiastical Middle Age found its solution of the woman question in the cloister, and there spoke its final word upon the subject of woman's worth and woman's rights.

But let us be fair to those Middle Ages. We must add,

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therefore, that in that cloister life, not only was the woman's outer position assured till death, not only did she find a firm moral support in an ordered profession, but she also entered upon a respectable and enlarged field of activity. No one can tell how much of the praiseworthy achievements of womankind, how much of the service that has been a blessing to humanity, originated in that old ecclesiastical organization for women. Nothing less than this may be our meed of praise for that old day.

The criticism, however, which I would offer is decisive enough. It was not woman *as woman,* it was woman as *nun,* woman, that is, who vowed life-long celibacy, it was this *nun* who was ecclesiastically sanctioned, and who enjoyed some recognition of her *human* dignity. And it is the merit of the further course of history that the *woman as woman* revolted against her inferiority to the *woman as nun.* It was an epoch in the history of our western world when the woman as *mother* began to say that motherhood is higher than either virginity or celibacy. And from this time on, ecclesiastical chastity began to be discredited.

This brings me to the third historic fact upon which it were well to reflect. As I have said, the female of the species was first primitive roaming huntress; then a settled agriculturist and tribe-maker; with the Greeks, the ideal was female sensuous beauty; with the old Church, spiritual beauty, angelic,—precisely the ideal which she seems to resent most of all to-day. The revolt against the ideal of virginity and angelhood marks the beginning of the woman movement in the modern Protestant world.

From the cloister to the home and society! It is the merit of Martin Luther to have headed this new woman's movement. He adopted what were at that time radical measures to assert the divine right of marriage in the face of the ecclesiastical support of the higher dignity of virginity. Marriage is woman's true destiny and natural calling, said Luther. And Luther himself, vowed to celibacy, married a nun and thus emphasized woman's freedom from the ecclesiastical ideal.

At that day, this was an emancipation of woman, far more revolutionary, far more radical, than the most iconoclastic champion of woman's rights to-day can emblazon upon her banners.

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It was emancipation from canonical law and sanctified authority.

But what, now, was the new Protestant ideal of woman? It was the *domestic* ideal of the house wife,—*Hausfrau,* Luther said. And we should not be children of the new day did we not respect this ideal.

And yet—and yet—good as it is, it is no longer good enough. We must now be willing to have its defects pointed out. Even the present German Emperor would tie woman down to domestic devotion, to Kaiser, Kirche, Kinder, Kuchen. But it is obvious that the domestic ideal of *Hausfrau* does not say the last word on the woman question. For, even here, the central thing is not —what it ought to be—*woman as woman,* but woman as housekeeper, or, at best, as specific social and civic character. Even here, woman is not a *being for herself,* but a being for home and society. We shall see that it is the exclusive merit of the post-Protestant modern woman movement that it seeks to transcend, yet include, all these previous historical ideals of woman—not only the primitive secular and vocational ideal, the Greek æsthetic ideal, the mediæval virginal and angelic ideal, but also the Protestant domestic ideal—include yet transcend all of them.

And now I have done with history. Now I must turn to the future. I am henceforth interested in the ideal of woman which is at present in the process of emergence and formation. We are to-day at a new turning-point in our civilization. Of this there can be no doubt. Nor can there be any doubt that the great change is revealed in what is going on in the soul of the woman to-day. But what precisely is that? As in the beginning, so now, it is not something which woman consciously and deliberately set out to do. It was not begun from chance or choice,—any more than birds wing their mysterious flight to and from northern lakes from chance or choice,—any more than Huns and Goths beat their way through untrodden forests down into Greece and Rome from chance or choice,—any more than the lass premeditatedly fell in love with the lad across the way, to whom a day came when from well-springs of her being deeper than deliberation and thought, she found herself saying, "I believe I am in love!"

It is not simply a new right, the all-important point is that

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it is a *new kind* of right which the woman is going after to-day—something which has never been in her experience before.

To be sure, the phrase "woman's rights" sounds offensive enough to many ears. "More rights, is it, that the women want? But what more rights do they need? Is not their position secure as our wives and our daughters? Why, their rights are so comprehensive now that it is wanton audacity when they wish to overstep their present well defined sphere of rights. But here they come again, clamoring for more rights, new rights. They need to be taught that there is such a thing as divine rights. And divine rights have destined men to be masters. It is a perversion and subversion of the divine order of the world for women not to leave this right alone, but to propose to claim equal rights with man."

That is the indictment. But it is not the first time in the history of the world that this, and such as this, has been said. It has been said every time some traditional and hoary prerogative has been summoned before a human judgment bar. Never did some up-rising, struggling class seek an opportunity as a *human* right but somebody declared the thing wrong from the point of view of *divine* right. Thus spoke the nobility of the Middle Ages against the demands of serfs. The peasantry, it was declared, already had just the right that it needed. Thus spoke the slave holders, justifying their attitude toward the black race. Thus speaks the modern capitalist,—Mr. Baer, e. g., to whom, he says, God gave the coal fields—as he wars against the extension of the rights of the working man. Indeed, it is always easy for any of us to persuade ourselves that our particular right is divine, but that the demand of some one else to share our right is rebellion against the divine order. And thus it is the same old selfishness which stoutly resists the demand of this new movement for woman's rights, which will not give up any of its prerogatives or claims to supremacy, which will not allow any encroachment upon its ancient monopoly.

But what, now, is this *new* right for which woman is striving? The right to vote? It is that, but it is much more than that. Woman does not want to vote so much as she thinks she does. She will vote, never fear, but she will find, what men have found,

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that, comparatively speaking, voting does not amount to much. The man "Within the Law" is of small moment if the law be not within the man. But if the law be within the man—and voting cannot put it there—all is well, in any event. In this whole matter woman is preparing a great disillusionment for herself, as thoughtful men have been disillusioned. Nevertheless, voting is one of the outer signs of the inner fact for which she is striving. What, then, is this fact, this new right, which she is seeking to achieve?

Very simply, but, as it seems to me, very profoundly, she is seeking to be a *self*—and to be *for* herself. In past ideals,—secular, servile, æsthetic, angelic, domestic,—she has not been a self, and she has not been for herself. She has been for roaming, or working, or beauty, or other worldliness, or the home, but not for herself. The new, wonderful, final step which woman must take is to enter upon the free unfolding of her personality as an end in itself. It is this most necessary thing—the arrival at free selfhood, the free devotement of independent personality—that is the big new thing of the new day.

Are men and women by nature monogamous or promiscuous? Big as this issue is, it is not so big as the one that is now bitterly before our own people, the vital issue as to whether one member of society is to be dependent upon another member of society, as to whether woman is to be economically, physically, spiritually free. Her freedom is of first importance—*how* she will use her freedom is a problem which may be postponed until she gets it. Antecedently to deny her freedom from fear that she may misuse it, is to act upon a principle which would annul human freedom in general. Besides, "better England free than England sober," said Wilberforce. Better woman free than woman virtuous, if it must come to that. But who thinks that it must come to that? Aside from the fact that there is no unfree moral goodness, the natural penalty of the abuse of freedom on the part of woman, her hereditary and social inclination to conformity, may be trusted to correct and deter abuses of that freedom which shall have cost her too dearly to be lightly esteemed. No class has ever won its freedom to the disadvantage of itself or society as a whole. Nor will woman. Woman's

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prime function in the social organism, like man's, is to be a self: this at any cost, even at the price of forgoing her other important function of motherhood. It may not be so important for the race to go on as we are wont to think, since it is going to stop for good and all some day anyhow. But it is important, while the race does last, that it shall be qualitatively the best possible. And nothing is contributing more to the spiritualizing of our civilization than the emancipation of woman from her *feminine* advantage as well as from her economic disadvantage under the present system.

The anomalous fact of modern life is that our funded institutional culture sprawls athwart our self-vindicating impulses. Our business ethics, our conventional morals, our religious creeds beget unconscious duplicity where they do not necessitate conscious hypocrisy. Our urgencies and our codes split human nature in twain, so that a man or a woman who seeks to do justice to both finds it almost impossible to go straight, or, indeed, to know where right and duty lie.

But, pending the emancipation of woman, what is the practicable, workable, attitude? What is the constructive—not merely the convenient or the sense-impelling—but the constructive thing to do, to say, to think, to feel?

For one thing, there are those who are intense and take things tragically. They must be permitted to suffer frankly, to cry out for the distress and pain of it all. Let them proclaim their perplexity, state their problem. We cannot be sure that it is their fault that the social code stultifies the individual need. They have a right to call attention to the disparity, and to demand that the accumulated wisdom of the race deal scientifically and sympathetically with their case. After all, what are institutions, laws, creeds, codes, customs *for,* if not to interpret the particular case? And if a particular case cannot be construed under its crystallized canon, a demand for revision of the canon so as to include the case is in order. We say that it is the part of man to obey law. That is true, but that is not the deepest truth. The deepest truth is that it is the part of law to obey man. Man is primary. Man alone is sacred, above whom there is nothing of which we know. And the law is for the sake of

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man and not man for the sake of the law. Liberate self-hood, therefore; perhaps socially care for motherhood; certainly study eugenics and see what good gift it may have to give us. Say what one will, it is voting secondarily as means, these things primarily as end, that are the kernel and soul and star of the new woman's movement of our new day.

And these things are no mere dreams. They are the quickening embryo of our social future. But we must not only trust the creative forces of nature, we must put the best science of the age at the disposal of individual men and women. We must use the wonderful machinery of modern civilization for enlightening and not for exploiting the individual. Then there will be some basis for believing in the final balance of the best. What is it that will pay the best in the long run? Three things surely: freedom, sincerity, and social-mindedness. Sincerity (of freedom we have just spoken) is the engendering germ of the true democracy in which everybody rubs against everybody else. So far we have only a hesitating republic of the spirit, a precarious interstitial growth where our institutions are lax at the joint. But with the impending woman, we are to have a psychological, if not even a biological, democracy in which for the first time self-hood cannot be sold, but the philoprogenitive proclivities can take their place, along with other riches, among the spiritual possessions of the race.

We are too tragically trying to reform the wrong things, giving superficial palliatives for a social difficulty that is calling for radical surgery. If woman uses her birthright to hasten some form of socialism, let it come. Man has not made such a success of the present system that he can afford to complain. It is woman's innings—and it may yet be that her first and her finest act in her power will be her generosity to man. What greater triumph of human culture than the moment when it ceases to be a physical and economic, or social strife between men and women, and turns to the heightened harmony of an intercurrent self-hood?

We shall have to trust life to further life. We shall have to let life be the criterion of life. We shall have to square our codes by our needs and not our needs by our codes. The aim of

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civilization is to evolve a free personality, not an institution, for institution is but a name for a trend among persons.

Such is the essence of the new woman movement. But we may not forget that woman's conquest of freedom gives of itself no adequate content to her life. Hence she cannot afford, in ruthless iconoclasm, to squander her historic assets. She will find it well, along with the new ideal, to conserve and unify and exalt those ideals which the wise old world has worked out through so many centuries: the primitive ideal of secularity, but without the old servitude; the Greek ideal of sensuous beauty, but without vanity and vice; the old Church idea of spiritual beauty, but without the asceticism of the nun, and without a conventional, feigned, low estimate of the sensuous; finally, the Protestant ideal of wifehood and motherhood, yet a larger and loftier wifehood and motherhood than the former private and narrow domesticity aspired to. It is increasingly evident to-day that woman's motherly impulses have deepened and widened until she means to be not simply the mother of the individual, but of society, of the state with its man-made institutions, aye, of art and science, of religion and morals. All life, physical and spiritual, personal and social, needs to be mothered. "Eve was the mother of all living," says the old profound legend in the book of Genesis. And if we are to have a brotherhood and solidarity of nations, instead of atomistic and exclusive peoples, shall we not yet have a motherhood of one human home, instead of a petty and particular motherhood of egotistic centres of existence?

To be sure, objections bristle. One or two of these we may examine. The most common and effective is that in the possession of these new rights woman ceases to be womanly. The usual answer by which this objection is supposed to be met is, if possible, worse than the objection itself. "There is an upper zone," so the usual answer runs, "where we are neither male nor female, but just human; and woman wants the suffrage, for instance, not as woman but as human." But there is no such upper zone as this. There is no super-sexual humanness. There is no super-feminine womanness. There is no such thing as a human nature that is neither male nor female. The psychological

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and physiological are organically related and correlated, and sexual difference in the latter involves sexual difference in the former. Sex extends to the very core of spiritual personality. An old monk, at the time of the controversy over nominalism and realism, was so sure that the universal, rather than the particular, was the real, that he said he was not going to eat apples and peaches and pears and the like, any more, but just *fruit!* But as there is no fruit that is apple-less and peach-less and pear-less, thus there is no human nature that is man-less or woman-less.

Instead, therefore, of wanting the woman to vote because she is somewhere in her mystic being not woman, but man, the state needs her vote precisely because she is a woman and not a man. If she vote because, in voting, she is manlike, she would but double the present number of incompetent male votes without altering the quality of civic life. But if she vote as what she is, a woman, she brings new content and new quality and new value to our present abridged and impoverished civic existence. Woman is to be a free self, but it is a *woman's* self that she is to be. And as to her ceasing to be a woman when she comes to be a citizen, that notion is absurd, since she was a woman in the old matriarchy, and since there is nothing in the franchise that can eliminate the constitutional femininity of her nature.

The only other objection of which this article shall take note was referred to in the indictment already mentioned. "Why cannot woman be satisfied with her present position which her present rights assign her? Do not the men see to her safety and comfort?" But her present right was donated and dictated to her, not created and achieved by her. She was granted just the measure of freedom that man considered desirable for her on *his* account. *Man* created right—changed, limited, extended right—interpreted and applied right to woman. But woman, to be a self, must participate in the formation of her rights. And as to woman's comfort and safety, these cannot take the place of freedom! Even poodles are comfortable and safe, contented and happy; but they are not free, and have no dream of freedom. Trouble, and struggle, and sorrow, nay, danger and loss

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and the risk of ruin for woman, as for man, with freedom, are far better and nobler than imperturbability and repose and protection without freedom. The point is that woman can no longer allow any sort of disqualification or disability that is contrary to selfhood. The point is that the free unfolding of personality is the most necessary thing that there is in the world for either man or woman.

This, then, is woman's primary right—full majority and self-accountability; full freedom to test her strength as woman and to bring her feminine individuality to supreme and perfect unfolding. And it follows that woman's main significance and service is in her *unlikeness* to man, in her peculiarity: not in her logic, no matter how high a pitch she may yet reach in this direction; not in her business ability, however great the efficiency she may yet develop. The new path of woman is the path of freedom and independence. This path does not lead back into the cloister, not back into the home necessarily, not necessarily into marriage even,—but into the heart, into the deep of the human spirit, from which all that is good and great for the woman in every situation of life is born. And if life has gained infinitely by the liberation and elevation of the masculine half of our humanity, how much more will life be enriched when all the seed and endowments of the other and better half shall have enjoyed a like happy and powerful growth!

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THE COVENANT IN ULSTER

A Humbug

JAMES DAVID KENNY

THE story of Ireland in the last seven hundred years is the most ghastly and terrible one recorded in the pages of history, and yet few take Irish questions seriously, at first glance. So much is this so that most people who take the trouble to read the current reports of events in Ireland, even Irishmen themselves, are not quite sure whether the present difficulty in Ulster is a serious political fact or a mere joke.

Having found, after some special investigation, that there is now no real Nationalism among the Irish in Ireland, or outside of it, so far as I could observe, I thought when I heard of the Covenant entered into by those recalcitrants in the north of Ireland that they at least, out of all the rest of the people of the country, were in earnest, and meant what they said. I wanted to believe that there was sincerity somewhere in Ireland. I changed my mind when I read the Covenant itself.

It begins this way: "BEING CONVINCED IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT HOME RULE WOULD BE DISASTROUS TO THE MATERIAL WELL-BEING OF ULSTER, AS WELL AS OF THE WHOLE OF IRELAND," . . . . Here is an express declaration of belief, upon the consciences of the covenanters, that the proposed parliament in Dublin would do material injury to Ulster, and to all Ireland. Let us put the direct question: How?, and try to answer it.

The material disaster anticipated would have to express itself in one of two ways, or in both, to do any damage to anyone in the country. First, an Irish Parliament might operate injuriously against those who own land; or second, it might mulct those dependent upon manufacturing enterprises, trade or commerce for a livelihood, or a fortune.

Now what does the Government of Ireland Bill say in regard to the first of those interests—the land?

This is what it says: "The Irish Parliament shall not have

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power to make laws in respect of the general subject-matter of the acts relating to Land Purchase in Ireland (in this act referred to as reserved matter) provided that the limitation on the powers of the Irish Parliment under this section shall cease as respects any such reserved matter if the corresponding reserved service is transferred to the Irish Government under the provisions of this act. Any law made in contravention of the limitations imposed by this section shall, so far as it contravenes those limitations, be void."

The Government of Ireland Bill does not contain any provision for the future transfer to the Irish Parliament of the general subject-matter of the acts relating to Land Purchase in Ireland; but it does contain the following provision: "Where any act of the Irish Parliament deals with any matter with respect to which the Irish Parliament have power to make laws which is dealt with by any act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom passed after the passing of this act and extending to Ireland, the act of the Irish Parliament shall be read subject to the act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and so far as it is repugnant to that act, but no further, shall be void."

This means that the proposed Irish Parliament has no power to damage anybody owning or holding land; that it has no authority to take it away from him, even on giving him compensation, and is not likely to get any in the future; and that even if it does get some extension of authority in regard to it, its acts are so far subject to those of the Parliament of Great Britain that the latter can nullify them whenever it likes.

Let us turn now and see what this so-called Home Rule can do toward injuring anyone engaged in manufacturing, trade or commerce in Ireland. This is what the Government of Ireland Bill says:

"The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect of . . . trade with any place out of Ireland (except so far as trade may be affected by the exercise of the powers of taxation given to the Irish Parliament, or by the regulation of importation for the sole purpose of preventing contagious disease, or by steps taken, by means of inquiries or agencies out of Ireland, for the improvement of Irish trade or for the protec-

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tion of Irish traders from fraud); the granting of bounties on the export of goods; quarantine; or navigation, including merchant shipping (except as respects inland waters, the regulation of harbours, and local health regulations); or coinage; legal tender; or any change in the standard of weights and measures; or trade marks, designs, merchandise marks, copyright, or patent rights. Any law made in contravention of the limitations imposed by this section shall, so far as it contravenes those limitations, be void.

"The Irish Parliament shall not have power to impose or charge a Customs duty, whether an import or export duty, on any article unless that article is for the time being liable to a customs duty of a like character levied as an imperial tax, and shall not have power to vary, except by way of addition, any customs duty levied as an imperial tax, or any excise duty so levied where there is a corresponding customs duty."

Here again the Government of Ireland Bill gives no power to the proposed parliament to injure anyone engaged in trade, manufactures or commerce in Ulster or in any part of Ireland. Its powers of taxation amount to nothing in the way of capability of doing injury, even if they amount to just as little in the way of doing good.

Those who draughted the "Covenant" had those provisions before them when they prepared that instrument, and must have known that they were foisting on the world . . . "upon their consciences" . . . a document which was deliberately false. So that, so far as it deals with the material interests of Ulster, or of Ireland, this Covenant is as disgusting and detestable a humbug as the Government of Ireland Bill itself.

Now let us take the next allegation of it and see what it says: "BEING CONVINCED IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT HOME RULE WOULD BE SUBVERSIVE OF OUR CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS FEELING . . ."

If this were a straight-forward assertion . . . "that Home Rule would be subversive of our civil and religious *liberty*" . . . it would be entitled to the gravest consideration; but the statement actually made is entitled to nothing but contempt, because it covers and embraces a subtle fraud. For the implication is

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that their civil and religious liberties are threatened, but they did not dare to say so, for, in face of what the Home Rule Bill actually provides, nobody would have believed a word of it.

This is what the Government of Ireland Bill says about religion: "In the exercise of their power to make laws under this act the Irish Parliament shall not make a law so as either directly or indirectly to establish or endow any religion, or prohibit or restrict the free exercise thereof, or give a preference, privilege, or advantage, or impose any disability or disadvantage, on account of religious belief or religious or ecclesiastical status, or make any religious belief or religious ceremony a condition of the validity of any marriage, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction at that school, or alter the constitution of any religious body except where the alteration is approved on behalf of the religious body by the governing body thereof, or divert from any religious denomination the fabric of cathedral churches or, except for the purpose of roads, railways, lighting, water, drainage works, or other works of public utility upon payment of compensation, any other property."

For fear that this is not sufficient protection to the religious liberties and properties of the covenanters, and others, the bill further provides: "It is hereby declared that existing enactments relative to unlawful oaths or unlawful assemblies in Ireland do not apply to the meetings or proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Ireland, or of any lodge or society recognized by that Grand Lodge: . . . The Irish Parliament shall not have power to abrogate or affect prejudicially any privilege or exemption of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Ireland, or any lodge or society recognized by that Grand Lodge which is enjoyed either by law or custom at the time of the passing of this act, and any law made in contravention of this provision shall, so far as it is in contravention of this provision, be void."

It so happens that the Freemasons in Ireland are Protestants, with a possible exception here and there. Those Protestants, as a body, are opposed to Home Rule. Some of them may be indifferent, but, in the main, they do not want it, whether they

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live in Belfast or Dublin, in Ulster or elsewhere. The Masonic Society, as a body, is against it. Fundamentally, it is no more a National society than the Catholic Church is. It is an alien establishment. It is a secret society. And every sovereign commonwealth or kingdom in this world, every nation and every country that aspires to be a nation ought to have the power, and ought never to surrender it on paper, or in principle, to crush out all secret societies within its lines, and to suppress all religions, if it sees fit to exercise that power.

As it is, this provision of the Government of Ireland Bill in specially protecting one secret society, composed of Protestants, unfairly and unjustly discriminates against other societies composed of Catholics, and leaves them subject to special laws, and special prosecutions, on account of unlawful assemblies and unlawful oaths. This is to put at hazard not merely their civil and religious feeling but their civil and religious liberty as well. So that the cry about civil and religious feeling comes from the wrong side of the fence; and those feelings must be very weak anyhow if they are afraid that a dead-handed and a dead-headed parliament will destroy them.

So far as the civil liberties of the covenanters are concerned, as distinguished from their religious liberties, and both are entitled to the very gravest consideration, the proposed Irish Parliament would be entirely powerless to interfere with them, even if they turned traitors to it, or attempted to resist its authority by armed force.

This is what the Government of Ireland Bill says upon that point: "The Irish Parliament shall not have power to make laws in respect of . . . the navy, the army, the territorial force, or any other naval or military force, or the defence of the realm, or any naval or military matter; or . . . treason, treason felony, alienage, naturalization, or aliens as such, or domicile . . . Any law made in contravention of the limitations imposed by this section shall, so far as it contravenes those limitations, be void."

Ireland, under these provisions, can do nothing to protect itself either against domestic traitors or against foreign enemies. It is reduced to such a condition of imbecile decrepitude and impotence that it could not swat a fly, much less batter the cove-

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nanters into submission to its authority. So that it has no power whatever over their civil liberties. And this one fact alone, if there were no other, in face of the threat of civil war, and of a solemn pledge entered into to resist the authority of the Irish Parliament by force, is a sufficient reason why Ireland itself should reject the Government of Ireland Bill. It needs to clear decks for action, and to have full authority to protect itself. To defy an assembly deprived of every means of enforcing its authority is only a piece of cheap and base bravado, a humbug resistance to a humbug parliament.

This is what the Covenant says upon the question of resistance: "AND IN THE EVENT OF SUCH A PARLIAMENT BEING THRUST UPON US, WE FURTHER SOLEMNLY AND MUTUALLY PLEDGE OURSELVES TO RESIST ITS AUTHORITY . . ."

This statement shows what a crafty and a tricky document the Covenant is; for the covenanters, with the provisions of the Government of Ireland Bill before them, knew that they were entirely safe in writing down a solemn pledge which was a solemn humbug. They didn't dare to pledge themselves to resist the authority of the Parliament of Great Britain, for if they did they might be all hanged; and some of them, no doubt, would be to let them see that there was a material difference between one parliament and the other.

Going back to the recital of the calamities impending over the covenanters, after asserting that Home Rule would be subversive of civil and religious feeling they go on to say: "BEING CONVINCED IN OUR CONSCIENCES THAT HOME RULE . . . WOULD BE DESTRUCTIVE OF OUR CITIZENSHIP."

This is another absurdity, because they have not any citizenship to destroy. They are neither Englishmen, Irishmen, nor Scotsmen. They are citizens of nothing and of nowhere. The way they phrase it in the Covenant is this: "OUR CHERISHED POSITION OF EQUAL CITIZENSHIP IN THE UNITED KINGDOM." If they claim equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, what objection have they to equal status under a Home Government of Ireland? As a matter of actual fact and of existing law, so far as Great Britain is concerned, they have not equal citizenship in the United Kingdom; they are the subjects of Great Britain

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itself, and as much under its thumb and its heels as the Irish are. The minute men of Massachusetts, and the planters of Virginia found out over a hundred years ago that they were subjects and not citizens. The covenanters are no better than they; and they aren't Englishmen, even by descent, as they were. And, as far as Ireland is concerned, what they seek is not equality under the Government of the country, as a whole, but ascendency over part of it in Ulster. And this is a catastrophe to which Ireland a Nation ought never to consent. The unhappy and ill-fated island has had enough of discord, disunion and faction in the last 900 years; and it behooves it, at all hazards, to guard against committing itself to disunion for ever in the future.

Having set up this absurd claim to citizenship in the United Kingdom, the covenanters go on to describe themselves as follows: "WE MEN OF ULSTER, LOYAL SUBJECTS OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V." This sounds ultra loyal, and is expressed as if they only in Ireland have any respect for the King; but when scrutinized it will be found to be as false as all the rest of the Covenant.

That they are subjects of the King is beyond question; whether they like that fact or not, it is a fact. But the Covenant itself is a declaration in terms that their loyalty is conditioned upon the King's refusing to sign the Home Rule Bill, although he may believe in his conscience that it makes for the better government of Ireland, and for the welfare of Great Britain as well; and although he may be so advised by his Ministers, and supported by a majority of the people of both i lands taken together. In other words they undertake to dictate to him what he ought to do before the time has arrived for his taking any action in the premises; and their declaration in the Covenant that they solemnly pledge themselves to resist a Government that can come into existence only by his authority is an indirect repudiation of that authority; and, as far as the King is concerned, is rank treason. To call themselves loyal subjects of the Crown under those circumstances is a self-contradiction in terms, a falsehood put forward to cover some ulterior selfish design, in which loyalty has no place.

It seems impossible for any political party, or faction, in the

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whole island to look the truth in the face, or to state it in words. And this Covenant, like all the idle speeches that they have made since they began to talk English, is mere verbiage, or the special pleading of some tricky lawyer which is neither true nor intended to be true. A solemn constitutional instrument calling for personal liberty, or a solemn declaration of right calling for political independence, would contain no cheap defiance, covert insolence, or verbal trickery such as this.

The string of adjectives used in the Covenant to describe the consequences of the establishment of Home Rule in Ireland is worthy of study. One of these is that it would be "DISASTROUS" to Ulster, another is that it would be "SUBVERSIVE" of civility and piety among the covenanters, a third is that it would be "DESTRUCTIVE" of their citizenship; and, last, comes the statement that it would be "PERILOUS" to the Unity of the Empire. These are fine words, but they are all Latin. There isn't anything English about them, any more than there is about the Brehon Law or the Ten Commandments.

What does "perilous" mean anyhow? What definite significance has it? Or how is it going to express itself in acts or facts under this Government of Ireland Bill? In no way at all, for the reason that the bill itself expressly provides, directly under the enacting and creating clauses that follow its caption, as follows: "Notwithstanding the establishment of the Irish Parliament or anything contained in this act, the supreme power and authority of the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall remain unaffected and undiminished over all persons, matters and things in Ireland and every part thereof."

To talk about any peril to the Unity of the Empire in the face of such a provision as this is to talk at random. It could not possibly come from the so-called Irish Parliament proposed to be set up by the Government of Ireland Bill, because it is not a Parliament at all; for this provision, even if there were no other, reduces it to an impotent absurdity, as complete a humbug as this Ulster Covenant.

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ANTI-JEWISH PREJUDICE IN AMERICA

BERNARD DRACHMAN

THE subject of this article is one on which it ought to be impossible to write at all. Anti-Semites in America should be like snakes in Ireland; there shouldn't be any. The follies and brutalities of the Old World—and Anti-Jewish prejudice is one of the worst and cruellest of these—should find no lodgment in this land of liberty, intelligence and progress, where men should be judged individually and according to their merits alone. Unfortunately, however, the fact of the existence of a deep-seated and widespread antipathy to Jews even in America cannot be denied. We are constantly confronted with the evidence of its existence. Hotels which make it known that they do not desire the patronage of Jews, clubs which refuse to accept Jews as members, hospitals and medical schools which decline to place Jewish physicians upon their staffs, commercial establishments which, when advertising for help, add the qualifying attribute "Christian" or "Christian only," and military bodies which withhold from Jewish officers their deserved promotion, all supply extremely unpleasant and irrefutable proof of the existence of a strong antagonism to the Jew and of a pronounced unwillingness to permit him to share on equal terms in the social life and the opportunities of the country.

We must beware of exaggerating the importance of this sentiment. The feeling is, on the whole, confined to certain limited circles, which have acquired an un-American snobbish exclusiveness and, for a number of reasons, are best able to display this antagonism against the Jew, but the great heart of the American people is still free from such bigotry, and is determined to extend not only justice, but also friendship and sympathy, toward the Jewish element in the citizenship of the republic. This was magnificently demonstrated by the unanimous rejection by Congress of the treaty with Russia because of the latter's refusal to honor American passports in the hands of Jews. Nevertheless, the matter is sufficiently serious to war-

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rant earnest examination and investigation, in order to ascertain the causes of this strange phenomenon and whether a remedy cannot be found for it. An answer should be sought for two questions: "Why are Jews disliked?" "Can this dislike be removed?" The present article is an attempt to find an answer to these questions, an answer impartial and unbiased and in strict accordance with the historical and scientific facts which can alone form a proper basis for such an investigation.

The reasons which are assigned in explanation of this phenomenon of Jew-hatred are legion and vary according to the persons giving them and the countries in which they are given. They may, however, be broadly divided into four classes, racial, religious, economic and social. The opinion that the antagonism to the Jew is due to racial causes is widespread. It is on this account that it is so frequently referred to as "race-prejudice." A dispassionate investigation of the question, however, disproves this view entirely. Antagonism to the Jew is not racial, for the simple reason that despite the assertions of race-fanatics, there is no real difference of race between him and the white peoples among whom his lot is mainly cast. According to what is perhaps the most generally accepted scientific view of the racial divisions of mankind (Blumenbach's), there are five races, the Caucasian or White, the African or Black, the Mongolian or Yellow, the Australasian or Brown, and the American (Indian) or Red. If we assume that modern Jews are absolutely pure descendants of the ancient Hebrews, they would then be a family of the Semites, who are a sub-division of the Caucasian race. As a matter of fact, however, the general consensus of modern scientists is that the Jews have by no means maintained their race unmixed. Such investigators as Fishberg and Ripley are of the opinion that there is no such thing as an unmixed Jewish race, but that in all ages the blood of their neighbors has been mingled with that of the Jews. This is not surprising when we consider that Judaism puts no ban on marriage with persons of other blood, demanding only as a pre-requisite conversion to the Jewish faith.

Many people imagine that there is a strongly marked and distinctive, easily recognizable Jewish type. Such is, however,

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by no means the case. What is usually considered the Jewish type is, as a matter of fact, simply the Semitic type and is characteristic of many other peoples, Syrians, Armenians and others, as well as of the Jews. The peoples of Southern Europe, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians and others, possess practically the same type. Furthermore, a very large proportion of the Jews do not show this type at all, but are closely akin in physical appearance to the peoples of northern Europe. Red, yellow and light brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexions, the characteristic appearance of the Teutonic and Slavonic races, are typical also of a very considerable portion of the Jews. This statement may be easily verified by anyone by simply attending and noticing the types of persons present at any large and representative Jewish gathering. The recognizability of the Jew, as far as it exists, is generally due not to physical appearance in itself but to peculiarities in dress or manners, resulting from the restricted life and the exceptional circumstances to which he has been subject for centuries. Those Jews who have been reared in the free atmosphere and culture of the western world are practically indistinguishable from their countrymen of other lineage.

This fact of the non-possession by very many Jews of the supposed Jewish type is responsible for many misunderstandings, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic. Times without number it has occurred that anti-Semitically inclined Gentiles have poured out the vials of their wrath and contempt over the Jews in the ears of supposedly sympathetic Gentile listeners only to find that the latter were themselves Jews. One story, which is typical of many, will illustrate this point. Some years ago, an anti-Semitic agitator was sitting of an evening in a café in a German town and pouring out a flood of denunciation of the Jews to a group of listeners. The special theme of his denunciation was the Jewish type. "The Jews," he said, "are an ugly and degenerate race. Their physical appearance is most repulsive and the exact opposite of the Aryan type. They are stunted in stature, swarthy of complexion, hook nosed and curly haired. On the other hand the Aryan race, of whom the Germans are the best representatives, present the finest and brightest human type, tall,

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blue eyed, fair haired and fair complexioned." Just then a young man, clad in military uniform and whose physical appearance corresponded strikingly with this description, entered the café. "Ah!" said the Jew-hater, as his eyes lighted admiringly on this fine specimen of Germanic youth, "there you have the proof of the truth of what I have been telling you. Notice the splendid appearance of this genuine young German. How different from the ugly and repulsive Jewish type!" A burst of derisive laughter greeted this statement: for the splendid representative of the Germanic race, who had so aroused the admiration of the anti-Semite, was the son of the local Rabbi.

That the European peoples do not look upon the Jew as alien in race is clearly manifest through their conduct in those portions of the world, such as the Southern and Western States of this country, South Africa and Australia, where the white race is brought into close contact with the colored races and where their antipathy and opposition to these latter are very intense. Never, to my knowledge, has there been in those countries a suggestion of antagonism to the Jew on racial grounds. On the contrary, he is recognized there more fully and completely, perhaps, than anywhere else as a true Caucasian and his coöperation is sought in the struggle of the white peoples against the colored races, who are looked upon as the common enemy.* We may, therefore, safely dismiss the theory that Jew-hatred is a matter of racial antipathy. The prejudice against the Jew is emphatically not "race-prejudice."

The second reason given for antipathy to the Jew is his religion. The Jew is disliked, it is claimed, because he refuses to become a Christian and clings obstinately to the faith of his forefathers. This reason is certainly superior to the first mentioned, at least to the extent that once upon a time it was true. In pre-Christian antiquity the austere morality and the uncompromising antagonism to idolatry of the Jew brought down upon him the hatred of the heathen peoples to whose ethical laxity and degraded worship he was so strongly opposed. In the

* These words are not meant as an indorsement of the attitude of hostility against the colored races. They are intended merely to show the true racial status of the Jew.

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Middle Ages, again, Christian bigotry and fanaticism were so intense that the mere fact that the Jew was a heretic was sufficient to arouse against him the most bitter hatred and antipathy. But these feelings have long since passed away in all really civilized countries. In this enlightened age men no longer hate each other because of differing theological views or religious practices, except, perhaps, in such backward lands as Russia, whose point of view, at least in Government circles, is still essentially mediæval. Even in Russia it is practically certain that the antagonism to the Jew is not based on religious prejudice, but is a political policy employed as an aid in the suppression of liberty in general.

As far as America is concerned it is certain that there is no religious antagonism to the Jew. Religious liberty is the very breath of life to Americans, the right which they would never dream of denying to anyone. To the American way of thinking it appears absurd to have even the slightest dislike to any man because of the church which he attends, the day of rest which he observes or the food which he eats. In fact, there are a number of Christian sects which differ from the general standard of Christianity and approximate to Judaism in various of their views and practices without, on that account, arousing the slightest animosity. Thus the Unitarians reject the Christian doctrine of the Trinity and believe, like the Jews, in the unity of God. The Seventh-day Baptists and Adventists reject the Sunday and, like the Jews, observe the Saturday as the Sabbath, while some sects practise Vegetarianism and thus differ like the orthodox Jews in their dietary practices from the rest of the population. The Society of Friends or Quakers even wear a distinctive costume, like the Jews of Poland. Were these religious differences productive of prejudice there would be antipathy to these sects, as there is to the Jews. But there is not even an idea of such feelings against the members of these sects. It is, therefore, evident that difference in religion does not in America, nor, indeed, in any truly civilized country, constitute a ground of dislike and that anti-Jewish prejudice is not religious in nature.

The third cause frequently assigned for prejudice against

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the Jew is his supposed economic superiority to the Gentile and the inability of the latter to compete with him. The phrase "rich as a Jew" voices the current sentiment that all Jews as such are economic successes, with the attendant implication that Gentiles as such are not. This motive, if it be such, is absurdly unjustified and in entire contradiction to the facts. Of course, the Jews possess their share of able and energetic men who have achieved success in commercial and industrial as in other vocations. But their number is not excessive and the success which they have achieved is usually but moderate. When one has mentioned a few names such as Rothschild, Bleichroeder, Schiff, Lewisohn and a handful of others, one has about exhausted the list of Jewish multi-millionaires. And even the wealth of these is, comparatively speaking, but moderate. Among the possessors of inordinate accumulations of capital, the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Fields, Goulds, Sages, Morgans and others of that type, one searches in vain for a Jewish name. On the other hand, the Jewish people contain an enormous proportion of helplessly poor and wretched individuals, dependent for mere existence on the charitable impulses of their brethren in faith, so that, as Zangwill puts it, "as poor as a Jew" would be a more correct phrase than its opposite, inasmuch as the Jews, instead of the richest, are really the poorest civilized people in the world. It is this fact of the vast amount of Jewish poverty and misery that is responsible for the existence of the magnificent chain of charitable organizations and institutions which have made Jewish benevolence universally famous. These facts are not unknown to non-Jews; indeed, they cannot escape the notice of the most superficial observer. What resident of or visitor to New York, for instance, could fail to observe that hundreds of thousands of Jews dwell in wretched tenements in the slums of the city and show every evidence of grinding poverty? These people, humble workmen and peddlers, most of them, cannot and do not arouse economic jealousy on the part of anyone. There undoubtedly do exist individual instances of individual enmity on the part of unsuccessful business or professional men against their successful Jewish competitors, but such instances are isolated and cannot affect the general senti-

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ment of Gentiles toward Jews as a whole. Economic causes cannot, therefore, be held responsible for anti-Jewish sentiment, and the allegation of such causes as a reason must be dismissed as insincere.

The fourth cause assigned for anti-Jewish feeling is social incompatibility. The idea prevails extensively that the Jew is inherently an unmannerly person, with peculiar and disagreeable characteristics of demeanor, and that association with him is, on that account, repugnant to those not of his kind. This is, of course, a very mild sort of prejudice. The possession of charming manners and attractive social forms, while a very desirable thing, is not in itself a matter of particular importance, the absence of which involves either danger or special inconvenience to the State or the people. But mild as it is, even this opinion is a prejudice pure and simple and in entire contradiction to the truth. The Jew, as a rule, is a model of courtesy and consideration, if anything too polite and deferential rather than the reverse. Of course, all Jews are not possessed of Chesterfieldian manners. A large element has been reared in wretched, poverty-stricken surroundings, and in forced association with the very dregs of humanity, and has been forcibly restrained from the acquisition of culture. It could hardly be expected that their manners should not show the effects of their rearing and environment. But it must be admitted that even these low-class Jews are not inferior, but superior, to non-Jews of the same social status. Drunkenness, wife-beating and the abuse of children are not characteristic even of the lowest classes of Jews. It is a well-known fact in New York City that public school teachers eagerly desire appointment in the so-called "Jewish" schools because the pupils, instead of torturing their teachers by their rudeness, boisterousness and insubordination, as is so frequently the case in the generality of schools, are almost invariably well-behaved, respectful and obedient. As for the more fortunate element of Jews, who have had the privilege of living under conditions of comfort and wealth, and acquiring the best and finest culture of the age, it cannot, in fairness, be denied that they are, by every test of refined living, the social equals of the best.

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An interesting corroboration of this statement, from the anti-Semitic standpoint, was given some years ago by Melville Dewey in explaining why the Adirondack Club had found it necessary to exclude Jews specifically and by name from the club. He said that many Jewish applicants for membership were so thoroughly refined in language and manners and such splendid types of true Americanism that no test based on personal characteristics would have sufficed to keep them out and it was, therefore, necessary to make a rule excluding Jews as such. Another proof of the fact that there is no social repulsion between Jews and Gentiles is given by the large number of intermarriages constantly occurring in countries where liberal sentiments prevail. Judaism, as is well known, strictly prohibits marriage between its adherents and those of other faiths. Yet despite this prohibition many Jews and Gentiles intermarry in all the countries of western Europe, in America, in South Africa and in Australia, in other words, wherever they are permitted to associate freely. According to the Jewish Encyclopædia (Article, *Intermarriage,* Vol. VI) intermarriages constitute about 9 per cent. of all marriages entered into to-day by Jews, but in some places, such as Berlin and Australia, the proportion is much higher, 25 per cent. or more.

We are not concerned now with the justification or non-justification of intermarriage, but it must be clear to any unbiased observer that where, despite the strict prohibition of Judaism and, to some extent of Christianity, such a large proportion of intermarriages takes place, all talk of social antipathy between Jews and Gentiles as such is purely idle. It is also a well-known fact that Gentiles of strong anti-Jewish sentiments frequently, upon becoming acquainted with Jews, lose all their former antipathy and eagerly seek Jewish company. It is, therefore, evident that the idea of an innate antipathy of Gentiles to Jews on social grounds is absolutely unfounded and that the explanation of anti-Semitism as a sentiment due to social repulsion between Jews and Gentiles is incorrect.

The question now arises with increased pertinence, What is the reason for the hatred of the Jew? Since all alleged causes have been shown to be unsatisfactory, must we come to the con-

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clusion that anti-Semitism is an utterly irrational phenomenon, a mental aberration pure and simple, or is there an assignable reason for this puzzling manifestation? I believe there is a clear and easily recognizable reason, which, however, for causes themselves easily understood, is usually overlooked. Hatred of the Jew is a tradition, an ancestral obsession handed down from the dark night of the Middle Ages, which by dint of centuries of maintenance, of constant iteration and reiteration, has come to be an inevitable element of the mentality, almost an instinct, of a large section of non-Jewish humanity. Gentiles who have inherited this prejudice, or imbibed it from the customary views of their environment, feel an instinctive repugnance to Jews and everything Jewish. Since, however, the recognition of the true source of this feeling would naturally mean its entire rejection and abandonment, a step for which they are not prepared, they close their eyes to the simple fact, and seek to justify their prejudice by the assigning of all sorts of imaginary causes therefor, racial, religious, social and what not. This is all there is to anti-Jewish prejudice, this and nothing more.*

There now arises the final question, "Is anti-Jewish prejudice curable? Is there a remedy for this puzzling and obstinate disease?" The answer is "no" and "yes." Where anti-Semitism is not a genuine conviction, but a mere political or economic device used for the purpose of attaining certain definite ends by unscrupulous schemers, or a mere snobbish notion in the minds of real or pretended aristocrats, there is, of course, no remedy. Russian "statesmen" or professional anti-Semitic agitators or "society leaders" in other countries cannot be induced to change their attitude toward the Jews, for the simple reason that they really have no prejudice against the Jews as such, but are merely using the position of exceptional disadvantage in which these latter are for the furtherance of their own selfish aims. But where the sentiment is honest, where it is the result of an actual belief that the Jews are a wicked or dangerous element of humanity, it may be cured. The remedy is knowledge,

* One favorite reason assigned for anti-Jewish prejudice has been that the Jew is cowardly and unpatriotic. The absurdity of that argument has been pretty effectively shown at Vera Cruz, where of the seventeen American marines slain, two were Jews.

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and this can only result from freer intercourse and better acquaintance between Jews and Gentiles. There is still far too much strangeness and aloofness prevalent between the two elements. Because of this a surprising ignorance still exists on the part of Gentiles concerning the true nature and qualities of their Jewish neighbors. "It is extraordinary, considering that the Jews have lived in the midst of all civilized, of all Christian, peoples for almost twenty centuries, what ignorance concerning the teachings of their religion and their characteristics as a people still prevails. They have sojourned in the midst of mankind and have wandered from land to land, stamped everywhere with the seal of mystery, looked upon by all not of their creed and kin as a 'peculiar,' enigmatical, incomprehensible people. The fact that their Book, which most thoroughly reveals their innermost spirit, has become the cherished property of the world, should have made such misconception impossible, but it has not done so." *

This ignorance is responsible for whatever honest anti-Jewish prejudice exists to-day. Let Jews and Gentiles mingle more freely—which is perfectly possible without the slightest sacrifice of differing principles or convictions on either side—and natural respect and liking will take the place of suspicion and antipathy. The Gentile will then learn—for it is he who needs the lesson—that in the Jew he has really an agreeable and desirable neighbor, who is eminently capable and eagerly desirous of contributing a large share to the betterment of the world, of making human life a finer, sweeter and nobler thing. Knowledge, the fruit of association, will drive from the heart of the Gentile all hatred of the Jew and relegate anti-Jewish prejudice, in America and in all countries, to the limbo of forgotten things.

* From the introduction to *From the Heart of Israel.*

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RUDOLF EUCKEN: CHAMPION OF A SPIRITUAL REALITY

ALBERT L. WHITTAKER

IN the March FORUM I referred to "the rigid intellectual system" against which Professor Bergson is in revolt. Underneath that pile of accusation, of course, lies the prince of the intellectualists, Hegel. His conception of the universe was in some ways a most inspiring thing. Its most significant aspect was the importance it assigned to *thought*. According to it, thought is more real than *fact*. There is an eternal Thought. The things of earth or elsewhere are of no consequence except as they serve to manifest that Thought, which stands back of them and which brought them into being. Our own thoughts are creative. They stand for the things of our world. They create for us a world. Our thoughts are real as being an indwelling of the great Thinker. The things we seem to see about us have validity only as they stand for our thoughts, which in turn reflect the universal Thought.

It will be seen at once how such a philosophy would appeal to poets and idealists. It has served as a mighty weapon against the rough iconoclasm of materialism and naturalism. But it has set up a veritable despotism of its own, which has repelled not only the materialist who is avowedly interested only in the facts themselves which confront him day by day, but also many of distinctively religious temperament, in which class we may reverently include such a nobleman in the realm of thought as the late William James.

There is the issue definitely stated. The idealist or intellectualist presses the facts of life into an orderly system of his own contrivance. But to him the system is the main thing. If the facts don't fit, so much the worse for the facts! They will find themselves in the rag-bag with the pieces of cloth cut off from around the pattern. The garment has to be made according to Butterick. A few odds and ends of mere fact do not count.

In the heyday of its triumph this movement encountered another which came to meet it in full tide, as where the rushing

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waters of the Bay of Fundy strike up against the oncoming St. John's. And in that seething mass there was little chance of safety for the frail bark of man's moral and spiritual freedom. Comte was already holding out to humanity shining apples of positivism decayed at the heart; and Darwin very innocently followed with a theory of evolution which *seemed* to war against the soul. And for decades to men like Matthew Arnold the heavens were shrouded in night.

But in the onward movement of history God's correctives always come. We are in the early morning of a new era which, if one may forecast the future by the past, is destined to be an age of philosophical reconstruction which may prove greater than the Enlightenment or the Renaissance. This revolt against cut-and-driedness may not be called in offhand popular fashion *pragmatism*. While it is true that pragmatism *is* a revolt against idealism, yet the important movement in thought which is upon us is not exclusively or primarily pragmatism, and does not centre around the names of James, Dewey and Schiller. The master thinkers are rather Eucken and Bergson, who may be counted as allies of pragmatism, but neither is a pragmatist. Bergson has his own method of attack upon "the system"; Eucken has his very different method. Bergson is primarily a philosopher; while Eucken is a philosopher and a revivalist of first rank as well. The study chair of this teacher and writer is a galvanic battery which has started Germany and will doubtless succeed in awakening the rest of us into new spiritual realization. But again, pragmatism takes up things piece-meal and haphazard, while Eucken's "activism," of which more anon, strives for a well-rounded and well-founded *whole*. Pragmatism's first and only thought is of the man's own experience and the result of his actions upon his life; while Eucken takes a second thought and a deeper thought of an actual something which the man's experience touches, into which it grows and by which it is moulded—a Spiritual Reality.

At the heart of Rudolf Eucken's philosophy is a discontent with and a contempt for the superficiality and the hollowness of modern civilization and so-called culture; and the essence of his criticism of civilization is his scorn for its patronizing attitude

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toward Christianity and other manifestations of devotion to the spiritual ideal, though he is by no means committed to the doctrines and dogmas of orthodox Christianity. As to this last, one cannot but feel that had Eucken been privileged to live in a less deadening atmosphere of ecclesiastical pettifoggery, he would better appreciate the spirit of modern Christianity. But that which galls the very soul, the condescension of a smug materialistic prosperity which casts a bone upon occasion to the starved dog of a John the Baptist crying out in the night over the spiritual waste places, is what pierces to the heart of Eucken.

Eucken has perhaps the largest classes of any German professor. From all over the world men flock to Jena to hang upon his words.* He received the Nobel prize in 1908 for literature of an idealistic character. But let these words of his to one of his students serve as our introduction to the great warm-hearted nature of Rudolf Eucken: "The emergence into new life of the humblest soul is more to me than the birth and discovery of a thousand new worlds." He is a powerful passionate preacher of moral and spiritual redemption. He issues a call to delve down beneath the surface of the materialistic and merely conventional and merely intellectualistic to the welling springs of the spiritual life.

With a wealth of erudition and with the patient temper of the scholar Eucken examines exhaustively, analyses incisively, and in the positive spirit of the man of science constructs. The result is something other and vastly more than that of well-intentioned oratory. It is a result that cannot but make a compelling appeal to the best thought of our time. Such a man is able to pass in review the rival systems of naturalism and intellectualism, and to show how they agree in banishing freedom and personality from the universe. The anæmic wielder of the microscope arises from his inspection of the age-long philosophical enigma of determinism convinced that man is a puppet worked on wires. Eucken starts from an entirely different angle. Like Bergson he occupies a position in the very centre of the stream of life, is more nearly in the swim of reality. Realizing how

* Rudolf Eucken has been called as an exchange professor to the Universities of Tokyo and Kyoto.

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powerful are the external forces which condition man's life, he is yet with all the intensity of his great nature insistent that man is free to select for himself whatever of good the universe has to offer for his soul. "We must view the world as still in a state of flux and regard man as not being merely a closed and limited individual." "A conflict between fate and freedom . . . appears primarily in the individual in the development toward personality and spiritual individuality."

But that for which Eucken especially stands, that which gives its name to his philosophy and propaganda, is "activism." If one were to try to give in but a single phrase something of the significance of this title as used by Eucken, no clearer words could come than those of the divine Nazarene, when he says, "He that doeth the will of my Father shall know of the doctrine." Eucken feels that no lounger in an easy chair, however wise, is in any position to show the way, the truth, the life, but only he who has manfully taken up the burden of living the life. The great word with Eucken is *work;* his great phrase is "spiritual work." How he would have delighted the heart of honest Thomas Carlyle with his doctrine that "each step in the way must be taken through some form of spiritual work."

As Eucken despises superficiality, so is he impatient with all that is one-sided. No one-eyed steed may bear this knight of the new spirit upon his redemptive task. As the materialist is found wanting, the man who has thought only for the objective world of sense which lies before him; so does the mere delver into the recesses of his own consciousness fail to satisfy this man whose rich red mental blood calls out for a life concerned with real things. Subjectivism cannot dig deep enough; and one may not study the teeming life of the wide ocean in a well. Neither man's soul nor the sensible world alone may stand as the basis and foundation of the universe's life. The one must appropriate the other, take it up into itself, make the dull thing which strikes against its toe a part of itself. And the objective must be made to feel the warming breath of man's spirit before it may really live.

For Eucken there are three things in the universe: self and

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the objective world of sense and a universal Spiritual Life. At every door there stands the spiritual Possibility, knocking, ready to enter, to take up its abode, to give of its glowing life to every dull thing which yet shall be enough alive to catch the glimmer of light. And yet the spiritual is not *given*. It is not given for naught. It must be appropriated. It must be worked for. It must be lived. As the good housewife mixes her bread, carefully intermingling the flour and the yeast-quickened liquid, leaving no portion of the snowy mass unmoistened, so must there be a working over of matter's inertness, a mingling with the saving spirit, until all shall be redeemed.

Very inspiring is Eucken's recipe for the attainment of spiritual reality for one's life—inspiring to those who are undismayed by the vision of hard work. For it is a life not of dreams, as some have fondly thought, but of severest labor of the soul. A man to cheer "the day's work" of such an one as Rudyard Kipling is Eucken, one with upraised hammer poised to strike upon the glowing iron of spiritual possibility as it rests upon the only anvil that will hold it, the life of every day. And with every stroke there goes the soul of the man, into his work, into the lifeless thing before him, to enliven it. That is the only starting point for Eucken, the life-process itself, the art of living itself. The very living itself, if it shall signify the impressing of a man's soul upon some portion of the Almighty's creation, to re-create it in the Almighty's spirit, and to give to it of the life which man has received, shall prove itself a divine thing.

And as a man climbs up to the higher levels of human living, as he learns to sacrifice his own immediate good or pleasure for the things which he sees mean gain for his fellow men—gain for the *whole,* that is the crux and hinge of the entire problem—he begins to understand that there is something besides mere nature and the natural man. As soon as one sees that, he is spiritually strong enough to raise his head above the low level of selfishness and the life of nature; he is prepared to take another step on the toilsome, glorious journey. As soon as there is a Whole to work for, there is a glow of hope upon the horizon which the night of naturalism left black. Pitiless is Eucken's analysis of

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naturalism and its result. If there is no Soul at work in the universe, if there is no spiritual existence working in the souls of men, then there is no goodness, no truth, no anything raised above the level of the sordid. Vainly the systems of the past half century, like Esau gorged with his mess of pottage, strive to find room for the higher things of life which they have displaced. "The naturalistic thinker ascribes unperceived to nature, which to him can be only a co-existence of soulless elements, an inner connection and a living soul." Surreptitiously the radicals try to admit through the back door what they have ceremoniously ejected by the front door. They insist that they too love goodness and truth and honor, and all the nobler influences in life. But in their systems what room is left for these things? If there be no spiritual Force in the universe, if all that we find around us is the inexorable result of fixed causes and undeviating processes, how may there be anything but a blind carrying out of nature's impetus? Start with material causes proceeding in mechanical ways, and how may we expect aught but material results? How may we have the finer fruits of spirituality? If we have these things, says Eucken, then they must have spiritual causes. And the man who has risen to the dignity of sacrifice of personal good for an invisible something which he knows is better, shows in his life the influence of a spiritual Cause. For example, he whose socialism is of the godless sort works indeed for an ideal for a redeemed and glorified humanity. Let us strike hands with any brother who is looking for humanity's good, who is capable of the spirit of sacrifice of self. But whence came his motive power? Somewhere we must get back to something more than natural causes; somewhere we must find a stream of influence which is above anything inherent in the mere clay. Our socialist neighbor's is a more splendid lineage than he knows. His fine enthusiasm has a spiritual ancestry which, when his resentment at what he feels to be the oppression of society and the tyranny of the past shall have to some degree abated, he will yet acknowledge.

How clear is Eucken's conviction of the existence of this independent spiritual life a few of his own words will show: "The union of man with the spiritual life is much closer, and the

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spiritual life in itself is incomparably more, than is represented by the customary conception of that life. For in our conception man does not merely enter into some kind of relation with the spiritual life, but finds his own being in it, and becomes so completely united with it that it is able to determine him immediately as his own self. The spiritual life is not a particular function among others, not a part or an aspect of a more comprehensive world, but is itself a world, and, indeed, a world in which life first attains to self-consciousness and becomes a complete reality. If this life becomes the immediate possession of man himself, his life must experience a deep-reaching change, indeed a revolution of its usual condition."

But how find and appropriate this great good? There is but one way; and this way Rudolf Eucken shows, the ascent slow and toilsome of the spiritual mount; and as one goes he takes his life of the valley with him, so much of it as may deserve a place upon the spiritual heights. The rest must be left behind. As the Alpine traveller carries upon his back that which will sustain him at the summit, so the climber of spiritual steeps must take from the earth below only those things which will be conducive to the health of his soul. No ascetic, however, is Eucken. He will leave out no good thing. Music, art, literature, the pure and beautiful things of life all find with him a cordial welcome. But for most of us the pruning process must be very severe. For the great majority a drastic regimen is needed. The materialistic interest has overwhelmed us body and soul. Our higher life has been strangled. We need to escape, take what has been really good in the achievement of our life, and find our way to the heights.

But we go not alone. Very comforting is Eucken's doctrine of the Independent Spiritual Presence. Illuminating is his treatment of history, where in every epoch he finds this enveloping and moulding life. Throughout human history we may see the hovering Presence, purposeful for the race, the continuity of significance for the ages, the spiritual existence, the one real thing, reaching out beckoning hands to men to lay hold upon it, to enter its life and really live. He sees in human history the impregnating power of the spirit of reality, the matrix of the

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material growing big with a spiritual destiny. But let me hasten to guard our prophet's vision against the heresy-sniffer's insinuating organ of scent. Eucken feels as keenly as a Spinoza or any pantheist that God is in all; only with him the Deity is no mere regulative Force, but a living God, and an intensely *personal* God. The most thorough-going Christian needs find no fault with Eucken's God, unless to him "personal" be synonymous with "anthropomorphic." God is personal; and man under his finite conditions may work out a personality which shall partake of the infinite Personality and yet retain its separate and individual being.

The Greeks of old were able with eager soul to rise above the things of sense to the realm of the spirit. "Christianity definitely established this rule of life, and made the invisible kingdom of God the true home of man, the most immediate and the most secure that this life knows." But the Spirit of the ages has not yet done its work. Even Christianity has been too formal, too mechanical, too crystallized. We need a new realization of the meaning of Christ's truth. In a world made over anew by the marvellous discoveries of this present age, we must take up anew the spiritual problem, the spiritual task. It is a task which is never done. To find its consummation would be to find its grave. But to launch our boat upon the great ocean of age-long spiritual struggling means to be enfolded on the bosom of the universe's living Soul. But it does not mean to be submerged. The individual identity is not lost. The frail craft of the individual soul maintains its own course through the awe-inspiring waves. No soporific Nirvana is its goal, but the outworking and the unfolding of its own true self. God could have no better good for man than this.

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A SOCIOLOGICAL VIEW OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

FLOATING about in the newspaper and magazine journalism of the day are a number of stock phrases, all having some reference to the difficulty which most of us experience in securing the things we want. These phrases are bandied about, and passed from mouth to mouth, like all catch phrases, with scant appreciation of what they really mean, or of the exact connotation which they should bear with them. The attitude of the "average citizen" toward them suggests the remark made by a certain young man in a class of foreigners studying English. The class was trying to determine the part of speech of a certain word under discussion, and after many random guesses had been made this young man rose, and, with the air of having beneficently settled the question once for all, remarked, "Oh, nouns, verbs, adverbs—they're all the same thing."

To many casual speakers and writers on the subject "the high cost of living," "rising prices," "a high price level," "the increased cost of living," "the diminished purchasing power of money," etc., etc., are "all the same thing." The phrases are used interchangeably, and few stop to consider how many distinct things they may refer to. Certainly this indefiniteness must be a serious hindrance in the way of solving whatever problem there is. A careful analysis of the terms employed should be a first step toward elucidation.

The first distinction which needs to be made is that between cost and price. Without going into academic hair-splittings on the subject, it is sufficient to note that, in common terminology, price refers to the exchange value of goods measured in money; cost, to the amount of effort, sacrifice or pain necessary to secure goods. Evidently there is no necessary relation between high prices and high costs. In a society which is living under a condition of exceptionally high prices, the cost of the objects of desire may be very low. If all prices are equally high—including,

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of course, the price of labor—no one suffers thereby. But if the cost of goods in a society is high, a condition of hardship must exist.

In the second place, high prices and high costs must be distinguished from rising prices and rising costs. Though high prices, in themselves, cannot injure anyone, rising prices can, as Professor Irving Fisher has well shown. The problems of a period of rising prices are wholly different from those of a period of high prices. Yet even in the case of rising prices, it must be recognized that they do not involve a financial loss to society as a whole. Every price implies a taker as well as a giver, so that the monetary balance for the group as a whole shows neither gain nor loss. The evils of rising prices are found in injustices to certain classes, and in the disorganization of industrial relations.

The case is different with costs. Where general costs are high, it means that conditions in that society are hard. When costs are rising, it means that life is becoming increasingly onerous. If all costs are rising at the same time, it means that all classes of society are suffering loss. It is evident, then, that cost is the more fundamental concept. Unless high or rising prices impose burdens of high or rising costs upon society as a whole, or upon certain parts of it, we need not bother ourselves about them.

The third necessary discrimination has to do with the precise meaning of the word "living." What do we have in mind when we talk of the cost of "living"? While it might be difficult to find an exact definition which would suit all persons, there is no doubt that the word carries a certain fairly definite meaning to the average mind, when used in this connection. This meaning includes those things which are essential to the life of a human being. Among these essentials are food, shelter, clothing, light, heat, medical attendance, and some education and recreation. None of the provisions for these needs must be elaborate or luxurious. "Living" manifestly does not include diamond tiaras, biplanes, or plovers' eggs. The cost of living, then, is the amount of effort or exertion required to secure a reasonable

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amount of the necessaries and simple comforts of existence in human society.

In this paper little will be said about prices. Attention will be focussed upon costs, and particularly upon high costs rather than rising costs. The question of rising costs involves a historical standard of measure, which is difficult to obtain or to apply. The problem which is before us, and which is the vitally important one, is that of "the high cost of living."

As it expresses itself in the mind of the average worker this problem runs about as follows: Why is it so excessively hard to secure those modest provisions which are absolutely essential for the maintenance of a family at the lowest tolerable minimum of decency and health? Why is it that in these United States, in the most favored section of the earth's surface, at the beginning of the twentieth century, a man may work faithfully and industriously, nine or ten hours a day, for every working day in the year (and sometimes Sundays are working days), and yet see his moderate sized family in destitution—his children going breakfastless to school, his wife aging prematurely from overwork and worry, his own health failing under the strain of his daily toil, the whole family ragged, and living in such a shelter as a stock-breeder would not give to a valuable cow? Why is it that, though the wages of the father be supplemented by income from boarders, or by the earnings of wife and children, yet the net receipts are not sufficient to secure the barest decencies of life?

This is the riddle of the age, which has puzzled wiser heads than that of the "average workman." There is no question about the facts. A moderate estimate places the minimum yearly income necessary to secure the barest decencies of life for a family of five persons—father, mother, and three young children—at eight hundred dollars. Yet it is estimated that there are five million adult males in industrial work and personal service in this country who receive less than six hundred dollars a year for their work. Even if the earnings of other members of the family be counted in—and it is not from choice that the wage-earning man sees his wife and children take up the burden of wage-work—yet the incomes remain so small that there are literally millions

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of families who cannot attain to the lowest minimum standard which the authorities pronounce "tolerable."

There has always been a fond hope deeply intrenched in the human heart that some time some great invention or discovery, or combination of inventions and discoveries, would so increase the productive power of the individual that by only a few hours of labor as much wealth could be produced as in ten or twelve hours previously, and that as a result the lot of the common people would be immensely lightened—that the surplus time could be devoted to the securing of simple luxuries, or to leisure for the improvement of mind and body. Yet here we stand, after a century of the most revolutionary technical inventions and industrial improvements, by which the productiveness of human labor has been immeasurably multiplied. But the working day is still nine or ten hours, and the rewards of labor still scarcely surpass the requirements of a bare existence.

John Stuart Mill said that "it is questionable if all the mechanical inventions yet made have lightened the day's toil of any human being." How much he would wish to qualify that statement to make it conform to modern conditions, it is of course impossible to say. Yet as it stands it seems to fit the case to a remarkable degree. If some observer, with a prophetic vision, looking forward from the beginning of the nineteenth century, could have foreseen the changes that were to take place within the realm of industry during the next hundred years, he would have said that the millennium was surely about to dawn. He would have taken it for granted that the introduction of railroads, steamships, telephones and telegraphs, farming machinery, and in fact practically all of the great mechanical devices, including those connected with steam power and the textile in-industries which were already full of promise, coupled with the establishment of free public education and a declining birth rate, would so alleviate the conditions of life and labor that poverty, overwork, and destitution of all sorts would be banished from the earth.

What would such an observer say if he could return to the earth to-day and review the conditions of the modern working classes? He would find them better—unquestionably—but only

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moderately better, and insignificantly better, compared with the great improvements and advances in the production of wealth which had transpired. And what betterment there is he would undoubtedly trace, not to anything which the great economic inventions and discoveries have done for the working-man, but to the fact that the growth of humanitarianism and a sensitized public conscience have made socially and legally impossible the degree of human exploitation which once prevailed.

Or again, if a visitor from some other planet should come to the United States, and be shown the boundless prairies with their waving crops of grain and herds of cattle; the intricate network of railroads, serving every little community; the wonderful cities with their thousand conveniences; the amazing machines, by which a single man handles and moulds tons of steel, or a slip of a girl does the work of a hundred men—if, having seen all these things, he should be told that hundreds of thousands of little children were hungry, and millions of men and women were wearing their lives away in sober, earnest toil, without being able to secure the elements of a decent livelihood, he would be stunned by the apparent impossibility of the situation.

And so are we, when we stop to look the facts soberly in the face. And ever the query rings in our ears, Why have not the working classes shared proportionately in the benefits of this era of progress?

Some little light is shed on the problem by reverting to what has been said about a "living." Now the question of a "living" occupies a position of greatly varying importance to different classes of people in the United States. Of course, everybody has to have a living, but the proportion of total effort involved in getting it varies widely in the different economic strata. Ever since Engel's laws were formulated, it has been a truism that practically the entire expenditures of the ordinary working family may be included under the head of living expenses. The smaller the income, the more completely is this true. Of course, the chief item is food, amounting to about fifty per cent. of the entire outgo in the lower income groups. We do not know what proportion of the expenses of families in the wealthy classes goes for food, but we are sure that it is the merest fraction, and we

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are also sure that a large part of what is spent for food ought to be classed under the head of luxury, not of living. The cost of living, then—the cost of the simple articles of wholesome food, comfortable shelter, and decent clothing—is a matter of the most vital importance to the ordinary working-man's family. It is a matter of utter insignificance to those whose income runs up into the tens—not to say hundreds—of thousands.

In every society at a given time there are certain productive forces in existence, which are ordinarily classified under the heads of land, labor, and capital, with sometimes a fourth category called "organization." It is by the application of these forces that all wealth is produced. Broadly speaking they can, in process of time, be diverted from the production of certain forms of wealth to that of other forms. The theory is, that the forces of production will be utilized in those directions for which there is the greatest social demand.

This is undoubtedly true. Yet it must be recognized that the demand which governs the use of the productive forces is what the economists call "effective demand," which is represented by the ability to buy. The productive forces of society are utilized in the way desired by those who have the money to pay for the products of industry. And the desires of those who have large amounts of money to spend are likely to be widely at variance with those of the "average workman." When it comes to determining what sorts of goods are to be produced, the "voting," as in the semi-feudal forms of democracy, is on the basis of property, not of persons.

It is a familiar phenomenon of modern civilization that the gulf between the so-called poor and the wealthy is getting ever wider. The maximum incomes are vastly in advance of anything which was dreamed of a generation ago. The group of those who count their wealth in seven figures is enormously augmented. But the dead level of existence of the working classes remains relatively unchanged. It is not necessary to seek for the causes of this development in the growing power of capital, in the growth of a world market, in the centralization of industry, and in the concentration of economic opportunity through the accumulation and inheritance of wealth. It suffices

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for the present purpose to note that this divergence exists, and is getting ever greater. The essential bearing which it has on the present discussion is in its effect on the demand for different classes of commodities.

For this purpose, we need to make a broad grouping of commodities into necessaries and luxuries. The former are essential for a living, the latter for elaborated pleasure and enjoyment. Now it is evident that the same group of productive forces cannot be employed at the same time in the production of both necessaries and luxuries. The proportion in which they will be divided between the two employments will depend on the relative demand for the one or the other, as expressed in the money offered for one or the other class of products. And the significant fact is that the bulk of money to be offered is concentrated in the hands of a very small group of people. The entire income of five million wage earners receiving six hundred dollars a year each would be equalled by six thousand men with an income of half a million, or three thousand men with an income of a million. Counting in a few men whose incomes run up into many millions a year would reduce the number rapidly. So that the determination of the kinds of goods which are to be produced rests with a very small percentage of the total population.

It is evident that the amount of the necessaries of life which can be consumed by an individual, be he rich or poor, is strictly limited. The rich man and the poor man alike must have the necessaries. But when they have been secured, the rich man's income has scarcely been touched, while that of the poor man is entirely gone. There thus remains in the hands of the rich man a large surplus of income for which some object must be found. This object lies in the realm of luxury, and the rich man at once voices an "effective demand" that his desire for luxury be gratified. This gratification involves the removal of certain productive forces from the creation of necessaries to that of luxuries. Thereby the amount of necessaries is reduced, and the relative cost of securing them is advanced. This advanced cost, to be sure, affects the "living" of the rich man as well as that of the poor man. But it makes little difference to the rich man. If he has to spend ten per cent. of his income for his living, in-

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stead of five, it is a trivial matter provided he can have his luxuries. But to the poor man it makes all the difference in the world. It took his all to secure his living before; now there must be a heart-breaking retrenchment somewhere. The old saying that whoever discovers a new want is a benefactor of the human race does not ring true in the ears of the wage-earner.

This, in a schematic way, describes the process by which, as the wealthy and leisure classes have grown, and the power of capital has increased, the common, wage-earning groups have remained at approximately the same level. It explains, in part at least, why the cost of living has remained so high in the face of all the economic marvels of the past century.

It is perfectly obvious that if all the productive forces now at work in the United States were turned to the creation of necessaries there would be a superabundance for all. It is also perfectly obvious that such a condition of affairs is impossible, while there are widely separated economic classes, the desires of which, and the purchasing power of which, are as widely separated as the poles.

There must always be a sufficient number of laborers employed in the production of necessaries so that the price of the latter will allow the working classes to maintain a fair degree of economic efficiency, and keep up their numbers, on the prevailing rate of wages. But the laborers over and above this number will be employed in the production of comforts and luxuries which they and their fellows can by no possibility buy. This statement bears with it a most unwelcome suggestion of the discredited iron law of wages. Yet there seems to be no escaping it.

Any statistical demonstration of the foregoing propositions can hardly be looked for. The forces are not such as lend themselves to statistical treatment, especially as the figures of prices and products given by the Government authorities make no distinction between necessaries and luxuries. Yet there is an abundance of statistical illustrations which are sufficiently illuminating.

The first of these is found in the disproportionate growth of the city population as compared with that of the country. We know that in general the agricultural occupations deal primarily with the production of necessaries, while the urban occupations

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are likely to produce luxuries. In this connection it is significant to note that during the thirty years from 1880 to 1910 the urban population of the United States increased from 29.5 per cent. of the total to 46.3 per cent., while the rural population declined from 70.5 per cent. to 53.7 per cent.

That this has had its effect on the per capita production of some of the necessaries of life is well illustrated by the figures of farm production furnished by the last census. During the ten year period 1900 to 1910 the population of the United States increased by 21 per cent. It might reasonably be hoped that the production of the necessaries of life would at least keep pace with this. But the figures of farm production show that during a ten year period nearly corresponding (that is, from 1899 to 1909) the amount of butter produced increased by only 8.6 per cent., and the amount of cheese by 7.4 per cent. The quantity of eggs produced increased by 23.0 per cent., but their value, expressed in terms of money, increased by 112.6 per cent. The number of pounds of wool produced increased only 4.6 per cent., while its money value increased 43.4 per cent. The number of bushels of all the cereals produced increased by 1.7 per cent., while the value increased by 79.8 per cent. The amount of wheat increased by 3.8 per cent., while its value increased by 77.8 per cent. And in the case of corn, while there was an increase of 73.7 per cent. in value, there was an actual decrease of 4.3 per cent. in quantity. In the case of potatoes, there was a marked increase in amount—42.4 per cent.—but the increase in value was even greater—69.2 per cent. The amount of cotton produced increased 11.7 per cent., and its value 117.3 per cent.* Unfortunately similar figures for meat products are not given. But a statement from the Department of Agriculture has recently been quoted to the effect that within the last six years there has been a decline of more than thirty per cent. in the number of beef cattle in the United States.

*It is true that these figures have been called in question, the statement being made that 1899 was an exceptionally good year, and 1909 an exceptionally bad one. Yet it seems incredible that so marked a change as this could have escaped attention at the time if it had been the result of sudden fluctuations, rather than of a gradual development. Nor do the index figures of prices of food stuffs for 1899 and 1909 show any irregular variations as we should expect if this statement were correct.

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Another significant comparison is that between the index prices of food and of commodities in general. Both have risen during the last few years, but at a very different rate. According to the figures of the United States Bureau of Labor the index number of the wholesale prices of 257 commodities in 1911 had risen to 129.3, taking the average of the ten year period 1890 to 1899 as 100. But the retail prices of fifteen articles of food, which represent approximately two-thirds of the food expenditure of a working-man's family, or something like one-third of the total expenditure, show a rise in the index number from 100 for the period 1890 to 1899 to 143 (weighted average) in 1911. It is clear that a compensated dollar, arranged on the basis of the index number of the wholesale prices for 257 commodities, would not solve the high cost of living problem for the working-man.

Still another suggestive item is furnished by the census returns in the statement that the value of the automobiles manufactured in this country in 1909 was nearly $250,000,000 as against a little over $30,000,000 in 1904.

Illustrations of this sort might be multiplied to show that a large and increasing proportion of the productive forces of this country is utilized in the production of luxuries rather than of necessaries. Of course, as stated above, illustrations do not constitute a statistical demonstration. But fortunately such a demonstration is not necessary. We can see it on every side in the contemporary life around us. The capital which is employed in making automobiles cannot be used in raising wheat and steers; the labor expended on a million dollar mansion cannot also build two-family apartment houses; and the man who is teaching Sanscrit to erudite post-graduates cannot at the same time instruct ambitious working boys in the industrial arts.

As long as conditions exist whereby a few have incomes vastly in excess of their needs for a living, while the many have the barest margin above living expenses, life is going to be hard for the many, and no amount of technical improvements in the industrial arts will ever avail to make it easy. For the more efficient the means of production become, the smaller will be the proportion of all productive effort which is devoted to the

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creation of necessaries. The cost of living will always be high.

Thus the problem of the high cost of living is seen to be just one more aspect of the world-old problem of riches and poverty, and the unequal distribution of wealth. Thus are verified once more the ancient proverbs, "The destruction of the poor is their poverty," and "From him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath."

Of course, the wealthy classes are not to be blamed. They have come by their money honestly, and when they have satisfied their bodily needs, and spent all they can for the necessaries and comforts of life, they are constrained by their human nature to seek other objects to spend it for. If, in securing these, they withdraw workers from the field of necessaries, thereby increasing the cost of the latter to themselves as well as to others, it is a matter of slight moment to them. They cannot be expected to continue employing capital and labor in the production of everyday things simply in order that they may be abundant.

And certainly the working classes are not to blame. They have to work at the tasks their masters set them. In milder words, they have to go where wages are the highest, and take their chance with prices.

Shall we then, perhaps, lay the burden of blame on the much maligned middleman? No. The conditions of modern industry have removed the consumer far from the producer, and opened the way for numerous intermediaries in between. The middleman needs the money, and simply improves an obvious opportunity to make it.

Who then is to blame? What is to be done about it? What is the remedy?

Ask the Socialists. They claim to know. And they appear to be the only ones who are so rash.

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DRAMATIZING THE THEATRE

HUNTLY CARTER

IN *The Nation* (New York) for December 18, 1913, there appeared over the signature of F. J. M. Jr., a review of my book *The New Spirit in Drama and Art.* It was one of many favorable reviews and endeavored to go to the heart of an important matter. It took the fundamental question of science reform in its relation to the advance of the drama and considered it at length both from an historical and contemporary standpoint. Its attitude was clearly expressed in the opening words, "The feud between playwright and theatre manager is of long standing, and *perhaps eternal!*" The italics are mine. For playwright and theatre manager let me substitute theatre and the drama. Thereafter it contended that "the modern theatrical trend is distinctly anti-dramatic, an exaltation of the stage as such against the play."

The view that the new movement in the theatre is independent of the drama and even definitely hostile to it is not confined to F. J. M. Jr., but is a widespread, strengthening and erroneous one. It has no foundation in fact, but is based upon a total misconception of the nature and significance of the movement in the European theatre toward dramatic unity. Indeed there is nothing to show that the separation between the theatre and the drama is increasing and is "perhaps eternal" and that the present-day theatrical trend is "anti-dramatic." On the contrary, there is much to prove that the theatre is becoming dramatized for the first time in its history, and that reformers have at length awakened to the important fact that the theatre ought no longer to be regarded as an adjunct to the drama, but as an essential part of it. They believe in fact that the time has arrived when the theatre should take its place as the shrine and framework for the dramatic essence into which the mind of the spectator is to be drawn, illuminated and transformed.

We all know of the tendency to regard present-day reform of the theatre as actively opposed to the advance of the drama. Some of us know of the view which is springing out of it, namely,

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that the theatre itself is negligible. Much has been written of recent months in support of the view that the theatre and the drama are independent of each other, and at least one book has appeared to prophesy their continued separation. The writer, a London dramatic critic, and one of the all-drama school which contends that the drama is everything, sees a special merit in plays dependent upon themselves and adequate interpretation, and no merit in bringing plays into unity with the theatre and representation. In consequence he does not acknowledge a unity which the component parts shall explain in such a way that it is seen to be the cause and condition of their existing, but fails to understand that the theatre both in its physical and mental aspects forms the root, stem, branches, leaves and blossom of one plant of which the seed is the drama. Strangely enough his experience of plays has not revealed to him that very important thing which advanced critics and reformers are beginning to understand, namely, that the drama is the seed of unity which the dramatist sows and it seldom reaches fruition because its growth and development are hindered, even arrested, by the innumerable distracting and accidental circumstances which surround the present form of dramatic representation and interpretation, and which are largely due to the construction of the theatre itself. So he is anxious to retain the dramatic seed and would reject much that is intended to condition the size and visibility of the plant; he would retain the play and the acting and banish all those agents—the producer, composer, decorator—which are essential to their widest expression.

II

The tendency to ignore a unity essential to the fullest expression of the drama is not new. Some of us know how it arose. It arose from a failure, from the first, to see the law of antecedent unity underlying the drama and the theatre and binding them together. By antecedent unity I mean a primary factor in the drama which necessarily pre-supposes the theatre as an agency in the subsequent order of development (representation and interpretation), and which operates through the theatre in all its component parts, as a creative power throughout. This

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law as applied to modern forms of art, the theatre and the drama, is dealt with in my aforementioned book for the first time in any language. Herein I have considered the efforts which are being made to establish the law in the Art Theatres of Europe—with an individual law or principle operating in each. I have also shown that forms of art—each having its own antecedent unity—have definitely come in aid of the coherence of all in a dramatic production for the first time in the history of the theatre. And I have dealt further with the subject of this unity in my book on the Theatre of Max Reinhardt.

Till within recent years no one appears to have apprehended, except vaguely, the need, cause and principle of such a unity in the theatre. Not till to-day indeed has this unity become established as a law. Hitherto the theatre has been regarded as little more than a stage. Indeed it has always been written and spoken of in terms of a stage. From the beginning it has advanced as a stage—Greek, Oriental, Italian, French, Early English (Miracles, Moralities and Elizabethan), German (classic and modern), and modern European (English, French, Russian, Scandinavian, etc.).

If we look back to early Greek times we find that the theatre was an extension of the Dionysian temple, and the drama was an extension of the temple service. In fact the theatre was originally a stage or a circular dancing place. To this was added a platform which in turn expanded to the proportions of the classic theatre. The Greek stage was separated from the auditorium by a pit which has persisted to the present day. That an auditorium was added to the stage was not due to the conscious recognition that the one was bound to the other by a chain of causation subtly and emotionally affecting both the actors and the audience. It was not due to the recognition of a law or principle of unity underlying both and serving to intensify the effect of the drama on the audience. It was due to the necessity first of accommodating a number of spectators and thereafter of securing payment for such accommodation. The auditorium was in fact a spectator-place adapted to the necessities of Eye and Ear and not to Spirit or Soul. It has never, till recently, been more than the porch or threshold of the temple of dramatic

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initiation. This we know from history and contemporary records present the same conclusions. The appeal to the Ear was the essential feature of the Greek and Elizabethan forms of drama. The appeal to the Eye has taken many forms from the Miracles, Moralities, Masques and Ballets down to twentieth century pageantry. But the appeal to the Soul has had to wait for the coming of Wagner with his conception of the unity of Play, Place and People. Before Wagner there had been no conscious effort toward unity of effect. Everything achieved in this direction was the result of accident not design. The early Greek drama had no unity with the village theatres in which it was represented. The early Mysteries were more unified till they outgrew their connection with the Church service and found their way outside the Church. Perhaps the improvised form of comedy known as the Commedia dell'Arte was in harmony with its surroundings when represented in the streets by players of the people. But it is difficult to believe that either this comedy or that of Molière (which came from it), or the secular drama of the Elizabethans (so full of intrusive and distracting elements), gained the requisite coherence when played in tents, booths or the courtyards of inns. We hear a great deal about the perfection of the later theatre of Molière, but not much is said of its predecessor when Molière and his strolling players were playing in tennis-courts and making their entrances and exits through heavy hangings which interfered with their movements and disarranged their costumes and headgear, and anyone in the audience who liked was privileged to snuff the footlights. Even when the Molièrean and Shakespearean dramas moved into permanent buildings it is doubtful whether the buildings conferred any benefit on the drama. For as we know special buildings of the kind sprang up not from artistic desire, but were erected for commercial purposes. Some one had discovered that by putting a wall round the audience the drama could be made to pay. The commercial value of the theatre wall has never grown less. Nearer to our own times we have similar conditions of unrest conducing to the separation between the drama and the theatre. Under the circuit system of the nineteenth century, and under the touring system of to-day, the theatre, scenery,

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costumes and accessories will be found to be often grotesquely out of harmony with the play. This separation has been increased by the modern appeal to the Ear through the literary movement in the theatre which marked the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century, first in Germany, then in France and England, and which succeeded in turning the theatre into an arena in which modern literary battles, in the form of debates and discussions, were fought out.

III

Apparently to Wagner belongs the credit of detecting the need and cause of the said unity. He was the first of the moderns to see the necessity of adapting everything in the theatre to help the dramatic illusion by rendering the drama-stuff accessible to every spectator. And it was doubtless the recognition of this need which called forth a vision of the law of antecedent unity in the theatre. In any case he was led to the discovery of the drama as the seed of the unity. To Wagner drama-stuff was sound. In the drama he saw an all-pervading sound-spirit flowing from the universe of emotional reality, which the reciprocal act of the theatre may render accessible to every member of the vastest and most diverse audience. Springing from Drama he saw the eternal motive. Drama makes the motive, and not the motive, Drama. If Drama determines the motive then the motive must determine the will of the spectator. Arguing somewhat in this manner, Wagner set to work to give the motive the widest expression by adapting the objects and agents, seen and unseen, surrounding the spectator—everything in and about the theatre in fact—to operate upon the will, through the feelings, of the spectator. This process would no doubt have been successful had Wagner thoroughly understood the working principle of the unity and employed proper means and instruments throughout. But the principle was not clear to him, with the result that he left gaps in his general design. He omitted, for instance, to introduce the spiritual motive into the scenery and accessories; they did not contain the essential drama-stuff. The omission interfered with the total effect which he desired to obtain by the specially designed auditorium, orchestra, stage and

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form of interpretation. It invited distraction and distraction destroyed the harmony of Wagner's system. It prevented the spectator being raised as Wagner desired to the highest point of receptivity.

After Wagner came Gordon Craig, also with a conception of the need and cause, but with a deeper grasp of the principle of unity. He too had a vision of the law of antecedent unity in the theatre. He too was led by his vision to the discovery of the dramatic seed of the unity. On turning to the seed he found what? Here too was an antecedent, a primary motive which he recognized must run thread-like through the theatre till it reached the spectator unconsciously through the senses. This motive or root was motion. To Gordon Craig drama-stuff was motion. It was a wondrous rhythmic motion invisible in space yet ever seeking to become visible through man. When therefore man is determined to act in harmony with this all-present power motion is the result. And as all men are pre-determined to act in harmony with it, by what fitter means than a theatre designed on the principle of rhythmic motion could men be set completely in motion with the eternal dramatic rhythm of the universe? It was sufficient for Gordon Craig to believe this respecting the power of eternal motion to make itself felt through the medium of an appropriate theatre, for him to understand the true nature of the theatre as a temple of art and to conclude therefrom that given a rhythmic theatre a rhythmic form of drama will inevitably follow. But in realizing the nature of his drama-stuff and the part it must play in the eternal growth and development of the theatre, he also realized something which Wagner had overlooked. If he grasped the principle of unity in its entirety he also saw the difficulty of applying it to an institution that had never been subjected to dramatic unity. A great deal of premonitory, preparatory activity would be necessary before everything in the theatre could be adapted to lead up to one big culminating light. For instance the old stage cumber would have to be destroyed and replaced by appropriate scenery and accessories. The work to be done called for a long period of close research and experiment. So it happens that Gordon Craig's theatre has yet to be realized. Perhaps it might

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have been nearer realization than it is if the age had understood the real nature of the drama and the theatre, and more men and women had been students and interpreters of the spiritualization of the theatre.

Along with Gordon Craig and assimilating some of his ideas came Max Reinhardt. He too may be said to have had a positive insight into the law of the antecedent unity of the theatre. By this means he was led to the discovery of the unconscious as the seed of the drama, and evolved therefrom a working hypothesis similar to that of Wagner and Gordon Craig. His guess may be stated this way: Drama-stuff is the unconscious. The drama is the expression and the illumination of the unconscious. That is, Drama illuminates its own mystery through the drama. We all have the unconscious element in common. We are linked together by it. Therefore by means of the drama the dramatist and producer alike are able to touch any member of the widest and most diverse audience. So if the unconscious element in the drama appeals universally to the unconscious in the audience the drama should contain as much as possible of the unconscious element. This was Max Reinhardt's guess, which he has been actively engaged verifying by experiment for many years. He has been selecting the most suitable plays from the thousands in the repertory of the world, overhauling them, extracting the dramatic, that is, the unconscious element, and transmitting it to vast audiences in specially adapted theatres. He now aims like Gordon Craig to establish the law of unity in a theatre designed for the purpose. His Theatre of the Five Thousand (of which there is a full account in my Reinhardt book) will have the requisite harmony of all its parts.

So Wagner, Craig and Reinhardt found a theatre burdened and clogged with the tradition of separateness, and each has sought in his own way to reëstablish it as a highly sensitized instrument for receiving and transmitting the drama as the expression of man's fundamental and unending emotions. Their work is bearing fruitful results. To-day we see everywhere in Europe evidences of a very widespread attempt to apply the law of antecedent unity in the theatre. In England there are three pioneers at least who are devoting themselves to the prin-

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ciple with energy and enthusiasm. Mr. Granville Barker is applying his critical and organizing intelligence and considerable business knowledge to the great problem of the theatre. If he began as a disciple of Otto Brahm, who neglected scenery and decoration in favor of extraordinary perfection of ensemble acting, he has now made a break. He has come definitely into line with Craig and Reinhardt and is linking scenery, decoration and ensemble acting and will ultimately, no doubt, become the champion of a unified and unifying theatre, in which everything shall be subordinated to the one big effect. So also Mr. Martin Harvey is applying his cool and clear intelligence to the same problem. Mr. Harvey began as an enthusiastic disciple of Irving and his improvements in scenery costumes and accessories. He is now a no less enthusiastic disciple of Reinhardt and William Poel and is rapidly accustoming himself to translate the drama and the theatre in terms of the greatly needed unity. Mr. Basil Dean, late of the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, is another follower of Reinhardt who is applying his experience in the new direction. That he has lately been appointed producer at His Majesty's Theatre is hopeful. It may be the means of inducing Sir Herbert Tree to abandon Irving's methods of realistic staging in favor of a more imaginative method of his own. In these three pioneers then we see the champions of the unifying principle of the art theatre which forms the strongest contrast to the separatist principle of the literary theatre.

IV

The new form of theatre then may be said to be springing out of a profound truth, a truth only just discovered and understood by theatre reformers, namely, that the theatre must be an essential part of the representation of the drama. Before it can become fully operative as a highly sensitized instrument for receiving and transmitting the drama it must belong to the action of the drama, as the stem, leaves, blossom belong to the root of a tree. It must in fact be dramatized by being made a part of the dramatic unity to which it belongs. The perception of this truth has given rise to certain ideas of superiority concerning the theatre. The renewed search for intimacy in the theatre is

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a sign of superiority. According to this intimacy idea everything in a theatre should be subordinated to one end, namely, that of bringing the spectator into the action of the drama. Arising out of this is the recognition in the theatre of the importance of the scientific discovery that the greater part of man is the unconscious, that something dwells in us unconsciously like a dream, that it is a great flowing power, beyond reason, neither rational nor irrational, but non-rational, and therefore cannot be analyzed. Accordingly it is felt that the real and lasting effect of drama upon an audience is an unconscious one. The drama does not in fact work through the intellect nor sway the spectator by thoughts, however profound or subtle. It works through the emotions and leads man to recognize the greatness or servility of man in spite of himself. Theatre audiences, like church congregations, are swayed unconsciously. Hence comes the belief that suggestion is mightier than argument, and all in the theatre should make for suggestion. This is another sign of superiority. So in turn has arisen a recognition of the inadequacy of words. There are no words for some emotions. Emotions that are mighty and deep cannot be expressed by inconsequent words. When human beings are carried on the tide of elemental passions, when they experience the feelings, vital, simple and intense, of the life they share in common, when they are borne to the greatest heights and depths, of love, hate, sorrow, hope, fear, speech fails them. At such moments emotion can only be expressed by motion, by music, by line, by color, each working separately yet together, working profoundly and significantly in and out of each other. Then complexity in unity is held to be another means of conferring distinction on the theatre. The coöperation of all concerned in a production should be directed toward one great exalted end. That the theatre is to develop from within instead of being fashioned from without, to spring from its own vital seed of unity and not to be shaped by the immediate playgoing public, is also counted something superior. That the theatre may attain to individuality of type and differ entirely from every other house of entertainment, is yet another sign of superiority. Finally the idea that the theatre, like the earth, is rhythmical adds distinction to the theatre. Everything dances in nature, everything should dance in the

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theatre. So all these ideas—intimacy, the supremacy of the unconscious, suggestion, variety in unity, individuality, rhythmic unity,—are counted as something new and superior in reformers' eyes.

V

To sum up. The contention that the present movement in the European theatre is anti-dramatic cannot be sustained. The truth is that reformers are working with their eyes open to the necessity of dramatizing the theatre, and they are working with all available means to achieve this end. If they have not the requisite form of drama to complete their undertaking, everything prophesies that it is coming. America, England, Germany, Russia are unwearying in their search for a new form of national drama. The energy of the latest Sturm und Drang period of the literary form of drama has spent itself. The intellectual drama depending for life on political or social sentiments, on exposure of cant, lies, hypocrisy and tyranny, has clearly had its day. New influences, philosophic and other, are at work creating a new form of drama. For one thing the rediscovery of Shakespeare and Ibsen—the one as a poet and stage-craftsman, the other as a symbolist—is having its effect. On all sides there are signs that the new Shakespeare is beginning to work through authors and producers alike. Already new writers are appearing to pour forth spontaneous creations. We see everywhere the younger men seeking to cultivate freedom of lyric expression. So the dawn has come of perhaps the greatest form of drama the theatre has ever seen. Perhaps, as I said, theatre reformers are aware of it, for in seeking to raise the standard of the theatre they surely anticipate a higher standard of the drama. By spiritualizing the one they invite the spiritualization of the other. In preparing the surrounding air, moisture and soil, they are preparing to fertilize the dramatic seed, so that the moment it is born it will begin to respond to a favorable environment. Thus it will preserve its unity and power according to the law of antecedent unity which will be operative throughout. To the objection that it is vain for the theatre to rise before the dawn of the new form of drama, the reply of the men who are reshaping the European theatre is, "The dawn has come and our work is witness of it."

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EDUCATION AND PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

CRAWFORD RICHMOND GREEN, M. D.

THE ultimate problem of race improvement is concerned with the development of the intellect, but at the foundation of intellectual progress lies the necessity of producing a race that is strong and sound of body. With the increasing complexity of civilization and the stress of modern life, the ancient dictum *mens sana in corpore sano* assumes a greater importance than ever before. Over two thousand years ago, Aristotle, who has been characterized as the best educated man who ever walked the surface of this earth, wrote: "Care for the body must precede care for the soul; next to care for the body must come care for the appetites; and, last of all, care for the intelligence. We train the appetites for the sake of the intelligence, and the body for the sake of the soul." The wisdom of this no modern philosophy that is worthy of the name has undertaken to deny.

It behooves us, then, before taking account of our status regarding the development and improvement of the mind, to consider where we stand with regard to our care for the body. There can be no doubt that the recent advances in medical research made for the betterment of man through the suppression of sickness and suffering have been truly marvellous. To justify the dignity of its position in the world's progress, medical science needs but to point to such comparatively recent contributions as the discovery of the treponema pallidum, the American hookworm, the antimeningococcic serum, inoculation against typhoid, or to the remarkable advances in the surgery of the brain, the blood-vessels, and the heart. All of these things, and many similar, are distinctly to the credit of the race.

There is, however, another side to the story of health that presents a very different aspect. Ignorance is man's worst enemy; but while it is bad enough to be ignorant, it is far worse to fail to apply wisdom that has already been attained. It is a satisfaction to know that the source of typhoid fever has been definitely determined, but it is a terrible fact that many cities,

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despite this knowledge, continue year after year to murder their citizens with contaminated water, merely because corrupt governments find it politically inexpedient to put the necessary money into improved waterworks. It is most commendable of departments of health to provide us with tuberculosis exhibits which demonstrate beyond question that every area should be moistened before being swept; but of what value is it to have the housemaid sprinkle sawdust on the parlor floor, if all the store-boys and janitors of the town are permitted to sweep the dry dirt of the sidewalks into our faces as we pass by on our way to work, and if the antiquated and unsanitary methods of street cleaning which political expediency so frequently perpetuates, refill our lungs with dirt that is brushed back to the sidewalk later in the day? It is well that we know that much of our tuberculosis is acquired by taking the tubercle bacilli into our bodies with the food that we eat, but of what value is this item of information if we allow butchers and grocers and peddlers to expose to the street dirt for many hours food that is to be eaten raw? It is of considerable interest to know that the bovine form of tuberculosis is directly transmissible to man, but of what value is that knowledge if, while we make a great to-do about the condition of the cattle that supply our milk, we neglect the inspection of our butter, that excellent vehicle for the transmission of disease? Our wise men point the way to wisdom; but the rank and file on the mad rush to the Golden Goal of Nowhere are too busy pursuing dollars to pause to observe the grim spectre who stalks at their elbow and relentlessly wields the spectre of death. All that science has done, is doing, or can do in the development of preventive medicine cannot succeed in its mission without the application of knowledge by the world at large.

Nearly one-quarter of all the babies born into the world die before they reach their first birthday, and of this number not far from half die of digestive disorders that could be wholly prevented if the babies were properly and adequately fed. A small company of well-meaning philosophers tell us that it is quite fitting that these children should die, for otherwise the world would soon be overpopulated. They tell us that the law of the survival of the fittest is at work here as in all else. If this were

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so, this law would take a peculiar turn in this particular instance, for while the babies that die are often really the most fit to live, the ignorance of their parents makes them the least fit to indulge in the responsibilities of parenthood. That the trouble is not with the fitness of the stock to survive, but rather with ignorance of the nutritive requirements of infancy, is conclusively shown by the fact that there is no higher mortality among exclusively breast-fed babies in the tenements and the hovels than among those reared in the most luxurious environment.

The majority of girls who reach the marriageable age are destined to become mothers. It should not only be their right before undertaking the responsibility of motherhood, but the State should make it their duty thoroughly to understand all the fundamental knowledge that relates to motherhood and to the care and nourishment of the young. Since the education of the majority of children ceases with grammar school, the curriculum of the last year of grammar school should include for girls the instruction indicated. To this it will be objected that the curriculum is already overloaded. Then we should eliminate some of the embellishments that pedagogy has evolved in favor of a course that is reasonable, practical, and humane—a course that might save many a baby's life and many a mother's broken heart. The fact that once she studied the history of Rome will be but poor consolation to the young mother when she makes her pilgrimage to the little grave in the cemetery.

The school curriculum usually provides a course in physiology and hygiene, which has misguided many, upon its completion, into believing that they have learned all that they need to know about the human body. This course is usually perfunctory and generally uninteresting. It is often conducted by teachers who are uninterested or untrained in the subject taught, and it is received by students who are consequently uninspired by the manner of the teaching. The care of the body, which we should expect to receive attention beyond every other subject, often receives the most meagre consideration of all. If soundness of mind and advancement of intellect depend primarily upon soundness of body, it is certainly our duty to impress upon the child above all else the value of keeping strong and well, and to fill

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him with the desire to know how he may keep strong and well.

That this is not our practice, however, we may readily believe when daily we see children studying their school books on the street cars, inevitably injuring their sight by the constant strain in focusing their eyes to compensate for the continual vibration and jarring of the cars; when we find children worrying over their lessons when they are presumed to be at play, and learning them when they ought to be in bed; when hysteria and anæmia and dyspepsia steadily increase among school children because of the pernicious system to which they are subjected. In truth, our schools defeat by their methods the very end which they set out to accomplish, for in place of helping in the production of a stronger race, they conduce to the production of a weaker one. We are too prone to forget that while it may never be too late to learn, it is always too late to regenerate a shattered constitution.

As a matter of early training, it would be of far greater value to the child—and to the race—for him to be able accurately to recite the manner of contracting the various common contagious diseases than to name the Presidents in their chronological order, though we would not care to be accused of undervaluing the study of history; it would be of greater advantage to the child thoroughly to understand what and when and how to eat than to have the most precise knowledge of Latin grammar, however great we may estimate the value of classical training; and, if there be a choice between the two, an accurate understanding of the hygiene of the eye is worth infinitely more than all the school reading of English literature, although we may consider that the knowledge of one's native tongue is the most valuable of all intellectual accomplishments.

In this, we do not wish it understood that we advocate an attempt to impart profound medical learning to the child in school, which would be both futile and absurd, but we do contend that it is our duty to impart the many simple and easily comprehended facts upon which much of the preservation of health and happiness firmly rests.

If we properly taught our children merely the most elementary facts concerning the preventable causes of suffering and

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diseases, the economic saving to the State would doubtless be enormous. The difference between the cost of the added education and the lessened budget for the support of inmates in our hospitals and asylums would leave a handsome balance for other purposes of government. For example, nearly one quarter of all the inmates of our blind asylums are victims of the terrible disease *ophthalmia neonatorum,* a severe inflammation of the eyes of the newborn concerning which there should be no mystery. If all school children were impressed with the seriousness and comparative frequency of this disease, and with the fact that just one drop of a solution of a silver salt instilled in each eye soon after birth will, in almost every case, entirely prevent it, can we imagine that anyone would allow the physician or the midwife to neglect this duty, as is now so often done? As a result of such instruction, there would be no babies blind of *ophthalmia neonatorum* for the State to support through life.

In any consideration of the relationship of health and education, one cannot omit to mention those two plagues of man which are joined together to be called "the social diseases." Taken together, they present, from both the medical and the sociological points of view, the greatest problem of our time, far outweighing in importance tuberculosis, insanity, child labor, alcoholism, and all else about which so much has been said and done. The *laissez-faire* policy which we have maintained toward these so-called "social diseases" is one of the greatest discredits to civilization. Their essential connection with questions of sex relationship has resulted in a false prudery regarding even the mere mention of their names that is directly responsible for the suffering and death of thousands upon thousands of our young. It is only recently that courage has been plucked up to attack the problem at all, and even now the public mind is so warped with mock morality that the names of these diseases seldom appear in public print or on the lecture platform. We seem still afraid to be honest and too timid to unmask the truth. The shy whisperings and the veiled allusions persist, while the hospitals and the cemeteries continue to be filled with the sick and dead who have been stricken in the bloom of youth to pay the price of ignorance.

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Among those interested in the propaganda of enlightenment that has been launched, there is much quibbling as to the where and when and how of sex instruction. Some consider that it is the duty of the parent to instruct the child; others would put the responsibility upon the physician. In theory, it is easy to offer convincing arguments in defence of either view, but, as a matter of present day practice, both are utterly impracticable. What can be expected of the average parent, when members of the learned professions—clergymen, lawyers, teachers, physicians—are even at the present time allowing their children to grow up in dire ignorance of what will later be learned at such terrible sacrifice? What can be expected of the average physician, when so comparatively few are endowed with the altruism, the inspiration, or the personality to handle the subject at all? The only possible place where this instruction can be successful is in the school. Here we find assembled all the children it is possible to reach, and here is the opportunity to instruct them uniformly and consistently with regard to these great facts it is imperative for them to know. Just as we should employ the school to instruct the girls in the functions of motherhood, so should we employ it to instruct the boys in all the essential matters concerning sex.

To insure that the mind in the sound body shall be sound, it is of no small importance to pay some attention to mental hygiene itself. Some of the industrious harvesters of statistics have adduced figures which tend to establish that at no remote time the insane will be far more numerous than the sane. (One might add that there are those who seem to believe that we have already arrived at that state.) But there is no doubt that insanity is on the increase in every civilized country. In New York State, for example, between the years 1890 and 1910 the number of insane in hospitals and almshouses increased 104 per cent., while the total population of the state increased but 52 per cent. It is estimated that about 50 per cent. of the insane under treatment are insane from avoidable causes. There can be no doubt, in view of the frightful increase of insanity and the affliction that it brings to one's family and friends, that everyone should have the

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opportunity as a routine part of his education to learn how and in what class of cases insanity may be avoided.

It is a hopeful sign of progress that an increasing interest is being taken in this subject, and that a well-established propagandic movement is under way directed toward the diminution of insanity. Still, we may ask, does the effort to overcome the prevalent ignorance of mental hygiene strike at the root of the evil? The harm is often already done, it would seem, before the knowledge necessary to avoid it is imparted, and, again, we must hark back to our education to find the weakness of our methods. Foremost among the causes of insanity is worry. It is becoming more and more recognized that hard work, even overwork, is not what affects men's minds, but, rather, worry. It is equally well established that worry is but a habit of the mind that should not be indulged and one that may very largely be avoided. But is it not absurd when our schools develop and foster the habit of worrying, as they surely do by the overload of new courses, tests and examinations now in vogue—is it not absurd, after we make it almost imperative for the child to acquire the habit of worrying, to tell him suddenly to stop worrying lest he lose his mind? In our instruction in mental hygiene, it is of importance to eradicate the popular belief that insanity is directly inherited. Many offspring of the insane undoubtedly do inherit physical defects that give them a tendency to become insane, if conditions are right for the development of insanity, but "the individual whose family has had mental trouble may often escape the disease by proper surroundings, healthful and temperate activities, and proper mental and physical habits." Where, outside the school, does there exist the opportunity to disseminate this knowledge among all classes of society? How else, except through the medium of the school, can we impress it upon the receptive minds of the young?

Besides these conditions that are so detrimental to both individual and social welfare, there are many other problems of health that directly bear upon racial evolution—problems that, while seeming in some ways less definite than those already considered, are none the less amenable to solution by adequate education. Chief among these are the intoxications. The two

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poisons most commonly abused through the volition of the individual are alcohol and tobacco, while the poisons to which he is involuntarily exposed are auto-intoxications due to perverted metabolism, and the industrial poisons which are the result of the kind of work one performs to gain one's livelihood. So far as the young are concerned, our instruction regarding the evils of alcohol and tobacco is, as a rule, relegated to the Sunday School, where their use is considered from the viewpoint of an assumed immorality, and they are therefore classed by the child in that too large category of ethical teachings that the child's reason promptly rejects because they are preached only on Sunday and practised none of the other days in the week. As a matter of fact, instruction in these matters should be dissociated altogether from ethical teaching and an appeal should be made to the child's reason by the definite exposition of facts which will show in no uncertain terms that the use of alcohol and tobacco is a handicap to the individual in the competition for health, longevity and success in life. Such instruction, if properly and convincingly given, would do more to abate the evils of these poisons than the moralizing of all the Anti-Tobacco Leagues and Temperance Societies that have ever existed. The school boy who takes his first glass of beer, perhaps in celebrating some athletic victory of his school team, little realizes that by so doing he paves the way for the acquirement of a habit that may result in fatal disease of liver or kidneys, in organic nervous disease, in hardening of the arteries, in insanity, and in many other types of physical degeneracy; nor does the lad who hides behind his father's barn to indulge in his initial cigarette know that by so doing he opens the way toward becoming the habitué of a drug which may invalidate his health by making him a nervous wreck, or blind, or a confirmed dyspeptic, and which, it is now established, often produces disease of the arteries that results in apoplexy and death. There can be no doubt that the danger of the child's becoming a victim of either of these poisons would be greatly diminished if, by an appeal to his reason, he were thoroughly impressed with the fact that it is to his physical and economic advantage not to use them.

The industrial poisons to which workers in white phosphorus,

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arsenic, lead, mercury, and other substances are subjected, are, unfortunately, almost wholly a social problem, for the workers in these poisons are in most cases engaged in their occupations through the mere accident of being born into a certain environment and not because, of their own volition, they have selected the work that they undertake to do. This evil, therefore, is not one that can be eliminated by education alone, but is one into the consideration of which several factors enter with which we have no concern here. It is of interest to note, however, that in Germany the children are uniformly instructed regarding the hazards of the industrial occupations, so that the individual, even if he cannot choose his work, will enter upon it with his eyes already opened to its dangers; whereas in this country it is only very recently that any attention at all has been given to the subject of industrial poisoning. It is certainly only just that the youth should have an intelligent appreciation of the risks to which his future occupation may subject him and a knowledge of how those risks may be minimized as far as possible, and should not be left to learn it all through the bitter experience of suffering.

Auto-intoxication is a type of poisoning whose far-reaching detrimental effects upon the individual have been but little understood or realized. Auto-intoxication—self-poisoning—results, as its name implies, from the retention of poisons that are manufactured in the body and normally are excreted with the waste. One of the commonest and most familiar causes of auto-intoxication is constipation. More and more does medical science recognize the constipated habit as the causative agent of many distressing cases of ill health. Yet we make very little attempt systematically to instruct the child as to the necessity of avoiding this condition, which could be accomplished easily if attention were paid to it before the habit becomes firmly fixed, but we allow him to go blindly on his way to chronic invalidism. We make no effort to teach him how and when and what to eat, nor of the value of drinking abundant water and taking proper exercise, nor of the pernicious effect of the continual and widespread use of castor oil, pills, and salts. A host of mothers who would do anything for their children's good are continually dosing them with purgatives even when their children are in excellent

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health, under the misguided, unreasoning delusion that purgation, even when unneeded, is good for them. These mothers do not know, because they have never been instructed, that unnecessary purgation merely perverts elimination and makes for ill health.

Just as the school affords us our only opportunity to impart uniform knowledge regarding the preservation of health, so it affords us our greatest opportunity for the discovery of unrecognized disease. The medical inspection of school children in the present state of widespread ignorance regarding health must be considered of the greatest value to the race. It is obviously a strange philosophy whereby we utilize for the recognition of disease the very institution in which we neglect to impart knowledge regarding the preservation of health; but it is surely much better to recognize disease even though our education be deficient than to neglect both. Later, when we have revised our educational system and have begun to impart to all the knowledge that is now reserved for the few, the necessity of school inspection will be greatly minimized, for many of the defects of children will be recognized by their parents and corrected long before the child is sent to school.

As for school inspection, valuable as it is, its importance to society is altogether too little realized. What little has been done has hardly scratched the surface of its possible service to the race. A very few States now make provision for State-wide school inspections, and in New York City there is as admirable a system as is employed anywhere. Yet none of these systems is without defects, while in many large cities and in almost all rural districts there is no provision at all for the medical examination of school children.

But of even greater importance than school inspection is the recognition of the need of treatment when pathological conditions have once been recognized. It is well enough for the school physician to know that abnormal conditions exist, but it is of more importance for the child's parents to realize the imperative necessity of having morbid conditions rectified as soon as they are discovered. Many are the pathetic cases the school physician meets that could easily be remedied by just a little knowledge

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on the part of parents—merely knowledge that it should be the *right* of everyone to have thoroughly taught to him. Adenoids, leading to chronic nervousness, deafness, and retarded mental development, that have been considered "just catarrh"; organic heart disease, resulting from neglected rheumatism that some one has called "growing pains"; chorea that is attributed to the child's being "fidgety"; tuberculosis that progresses untreated for months, because the child is always "catching cold." Every physician knows that examples of such sad results of ignorance could be recounted without end, and that the ignorance is found among those in the highest places as well as among those in the lowest.

It is easy to dwell at length upon the enormous evils for which we are responsible by our neglect of education along the lines of hygiene and health, and it is difficult not to dwell upon the terrible price we are paying for our ignorance. Enough has been indicated, it would seem, to remove all doubt that all that is being done for the physical welfare of the child will not compensate for what is being left undone. All the propagandic movements to instruct the people with regard to public health, all the educational efforts of boards of health, all the campaigns of enlightenment that the ablest journalism can initiate, are worth almost nothing when compared with the results that might be obtained by the adequate instruction of the young in school. With regard to the body as well as the intellect, knowledge implanted upon the plastic mind of youth, the lasting impressions and prejudices formed in early life, are the certain, unfailing means of insuring an education that will be of enduring benefit to the race.

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THE AMERICAN FARM LANDLORD-TENANT PROBLEM

PHILIP R. KELLAR

IT may seem to many to be a far cry from the farm tenure problem of Great Britain to the farm tenure problem of the United States. Americans as a rule will look upon Chancellor David Lloyd George's campaign "to free British land from landlordism and get the people back on it," because the land holding system there is a "ghastly failure," as a campaign of exclusive interest to Britons, and as having little if any bearing upon the course of affairs in the United States. Indeed, so far apart seem the two countries in this respect that the average American would be quick to brand as a sensational pessimist the one who would attempt to point out any dangerous parallelism.

As a matter of fact there is no parallel at present, but the conditions in Britain suggest what the conditions in America may be in the course of not so many years if present tendencies are permitted to go on unchecked or undiverted. British conditions, European conditions, may be made to serve as useful illustrations of what America may expect and should plan to avoid.

That the time is come for earnest consideration of these illustrations is amply proved by the trend from farm owner to farm tenant in the United States, which is accompanying the trend from farm to city, and is clearly indicated by the figures of the last census. In ten years the number of American tenant farmers increased by 329,712, or 16.2 per cent., while the number of farmers operating land owned by them increased by only 295,399, or 8.1 per cent.

Although the number of owner-operators still largely exceeds the tenant farmers, such a relative rate of increase as has prevailed for the last ten years will show a reversal of this condition before many years. Even to-day there are nearly two and a half million (2,354,676 in 1910) farmers in America who rent the lands they cultivate, as compared with four million (3,948,722 in 1910) farmers who own their farms. Should the relative rate of increase continue for another ten years the actual increase in

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number of tenant farmers would be nearly 50,000 greater than of farmer-owners.

With two and a half million tenant farmers America already has a bigger problem, in point of numbers, than has Great Britain. The problem is not so serious yet, largely because of the area of the United States and the newness of our agricultural development, but it is serious enough to command earnest attention. The unsolved farm land tenure problem in the United States is largely responsible for the annual migration into western Canada of tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of good American farmer citizens. In fact so serious has the problem become already that at least one great Canadian transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, has made it the basis for a systematic campaign to induce American farmers to settle in Canada. This railroad, recognizing the fact that good tenant farmers are finding it increasingly difficult to purchase farms in the United States, has set aside a vast sum to help these men secure homes in the Canadian West, selling them the land at a low price, upon a twenty-year payment plan, and loaning them $2,000 cash for immediate improvements upon the same long time for repayment. While the railroad does not bar farm owners from participation in this plan, it was inaugurated and is operated primarily for the benefit of tenant farmers who have been successful, but are unable to purchase farms in the location where they are farming.

Recently I had a very vivid illustration of the power of this proposition to attract good American farmers to Canada, when I joined a special trainload of home-seekers drawn from half a dozen American States, bound from Chicago to Calgary. Most of the 200 men aboard the train were farmers, and more than half were tenant farmers. Several of the latter were comparatively young men, with families, who had lived upon the same farm for a number of years, paying half the profits to the landlords. All of these men said that the more successful they were, the more profit they made the farms yield, the greater became the share which the owner received, and the higher he placed the value of his land, and the farther out of reach of the tenant's purchasing power the land went. One man from central Ohio

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had been making for the landlord as much as $9 per acre per year on a 170-acre farm, and the result was that the owner valued the land upon the basis of $9 annual income, which is a little more than five per cent. on $175. Another man from Iowa was renting on shares and paying the landlord $10 per acre per year. These men admitted the land was worth $175 to $200 per acre, but all of them frankly admitted their fear of buying the farms and attempting to pay for them out of the land itself. The burden loomed up too vast, and the period of time the mortgage must run was so long they were doubtful of their ability to stand up under the strain. And these were good farmers, up-to-date, hard-working, ambitious, and not moral or physical cowards. One was an American for a number of generations, of Dutch stock; the other was an English emigrant who had lived in Iowa for nearly twenty years.

George Ade is doubtless more widely known as a successful author of humorous stories and plays, but he is a big owner of Indiana farm land, and he lives on one of the farms, and calls himself a farmer. He is in the habit of keeping his eyes and ears open, and drawing rather accurate conclusions from what he sees and hears. In a recent article in *The Country Gentleman* Mr. Ade wrote:

"Land at $200 an acre will change us, all at once, from a new and shifting community to an old and settled community. Those who have are going to hold. Transfers of land are becoming infrequent. The tenant farmer on 160 acres hasn't the courage to assume a debt of $32,000 and pay $1,600 interest on the mortgage when he can get the farm for about $1,300 a year in grain rent. Twenty years ago the young farmer with a new wife and a span of horses could buy good land on credit for $50 an acre, the mortgage drawing seven or possibly eight per cent. With two or three crops to boost him along he could count on reducing the principal so the interest would not devour him. Those who bought at $50 an acre and used ordinary diligence in farming paid out long ago and now are independent landed proprietors. The young farmer of to-day who has a few hundred dollars and a team of horses is distinctly up against it if he wants to get a farm of his own. The same land that was freely

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offered at $50 is now $200 an acre. It is better drained and has a stone road along one edge, but it is no more productive than it was twenty years ago, and the grain produced from it may not command much higher prices at the elevator. The mortgage rate has been reduced from seven or eight to five or six per cent., but five per cent. on $200 is an awful leap from eight per cent. on $50."

Similar conditions prevail in all of the older agricultural sections of the country, though not to such an extent as in the "Corn Belt" where most of the available land was long ago placed under the plough. Even in the South, however, which while an old section is just beginning to feel the impulse of the nation-wide development, land values have increased a hundred per cent. in the last few years. In Georgia, which is perhaps as progressve as any of the Southern States, farm lands increased in value from $26 to $47 in ten years, throughout the entire area, while in Texas the increase was from $12 to $20. These figures of course do not represent the better land, or even the average land, but include millions of acres which are not considered even fair farm land. As an illustration of what these "average" figures mean, Indiana may be cited. The "average" value of Indiana farm lands increased from $40 to $85 from 1900 to 1910, but it would be difficult to find a farm for sale in the good farming section at anything less than $175 to $200.

In the older and better agricultural sections the number of farms is decreasing and the size of the farms is increasing. Those who own lands are buying more and adding to their holdings. This is not true of most of the Southern and Western States where the old plantations and ranches are being broken up into farms and leased. For instance, the number of tenant farmers in Georgia increased 55,000 in ten years; in Texas the increase amounted to 45,000.

The natural trend to larger farms and fewer as an agricultural section grows older is being sustained in New York, the Corn Belt States, and many others. In Kansas and Nebraska the number of farms has increased in company with the increase in size, this being the result of bringing more uncultivated acreage into the farm area. Except, however, in those States which yet

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have great areas of wild land, such as Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota, and the Southern States with their cut-over timber areas, and the West with its unsettled prairie lands, the trend to fewer and larger farms is quite pronounced.

A good farmer in the Corn Belt can secure $3,000 gross income from a quarter section of land. The best farmers can make the 160 acres yield $5,000, but there are not many such. A gross income of $3,000 upon 160 acres of $150 to $200-per-acre land doesn't leave much for the farmer to lay aside as net profit, whether he owns the land or merely rents it. If he owns it there is the item of five per cent. interest on $32,000, amounting to $1,600, to be first taken out, which leaves $1,400 to cover the cost of operation, wages, groceries, clothing, taxes, insurance, etc. If he rents the farm about $1,300 goes to the landlord, leaving $1,700 for all of those items. The difference of $300 represents just about the sum he can lay aside for the rainy day. If he is trying to save to buy the farm it would take him at least fifty years, without any bad luck, to accomplish the result.

So then there is a tenant farm problem in the United States of serious proportions. No matter how successful a man may be as a tenant farmer there is none who does not desire to own the land, to possess a home which belongs to him absolutely, and not for an indefinite time dependent upon the whim of the owner. So long as there is land to be bought anywhere in the world men will want to and will strive to buy it. That is human nature. It also is human nature for men to go where good land can be secured the cheapest and quickest and easiest. The United States was populated through the working of these two fundamental qualities of the human heart. People came here from the British Isles, from Germany, from Russia, from Italy, from southeastern Europe, because they wanted homes, homes which they really owned. People are going out of the United States onto the plains of Western Canada for the same reason.

When we reach the point where the great majority of these home-lacking, home-wanting residents are unable to leave the land and go to another land in search of that home, then we shall be in the same condition that the British Isles are now. There isn't so great a difference even now between the British

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Isles and the Corn Belt of the United States. The chief difference—and it is in favor of the Americans—is that it is easier for our young tenant farmers of the Corn Belt to pick up and go to another section of the continent where homes can be had.

The processes through which the two countries are moving toward the same mark are essentially different, but the result will be the same. Land tenure in the British Isles is a heritage from the feudal age when a soldier of fortune seized as great an area as he could keep, and kept it with the aid of his vassals until his seizure came to be recognized as a legal and binding title. One of the baneful results of this has been the keeping of great tracts in hunting preserves when they are needed for agricultural uses.

Land tenure in the United States began under the same plan. The first settlers seized the land they needed, though at times they made a pretence of purchasing it from the Indians; others derived their titles from "blanket" grants from the "Crown" of England, the sovereign claiming to own the entire country because of discoveries by his subjects. In turn these grantees "farmed" out their land grants. Gradually the title of the Crown and the Crown's grantees became less and less clearly defined, and the colonial Governments assumed the right to grant lands unsettled. After the Revolution and the adoption of the constitution, the various States took possession of the unclaimed and unoccupied lands and disposed of them to individuals. In time the United States Government assumed ownership of all unoccupied lands in the territories, and disposed of these lands to individuals, without discrimination. Those lands which are divided into townships and sections are or once were "public domain," owned by the United States. Those lands which are described by "metes and bounds," located in the "colonial States," Kentucky, Tennessee, and Vermont (which were formed from the colonial States), and some other areas which were included in lands secured by purchase or conquest, are held under the old world system of tenure, greatly modified to meet American needs and ideals.

Conditions surrounding land tenure in the British Isles and other European countries have grown up gradually, with the gradual increase in population of the farm lands and the gradual

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development of manufactures and commerce and cities. The very fact that the present conditions were reached by gradual growth may account for their acuteness. Not enough people realized the danger of the trend in time to stop it or change it.

There is no reason why the farm tenure problem in the United States should become acute for many years, except in spots such as the Corn Belt, or in localities in the immediate vicinity of the large cities. While it may be true that the best farming land in the United States has passed into private ownership, and that much of it is being gradually concentrated into large holdings to be leased to farm tenants, the fact is that there still remains a vast area of good farm land which is not cultivated. Almost ninety per cent. of the land area of Illinois is under the plough, but less than twenty-five per cent. of the land area of the United States is farmed. There are a billion and a half acres of United States land which are not cultivated, and only half a billion acres which are farmed.

So the farm tenure problem of the United States is quite different from the problem which Lloyd George is trying to solve in the British Isles. We have plenty of good land left for men who want to own their farms. It is situated in all sections, East, West, North, South, everywhere except perhaps in the Corn Belt, in some of the New England States, and in certain sections of California. It is of all varieties as to climate, chemical properties, crop suitability, etc.

The chances are that some of it will prove in the future to be better farm land than the Corn Belt, but it is true that at present there is no other such area which has the very best land so easily adapted to farming.

The solution of our present problem is not to try to find some means by which we can help the tenant to remain upon the high-priced farm of the Corn Belt, but to help him find a good farm home, at a cheaper price, in some other section of the country. The chief reason why so many of our farmers are going into the Canadian West is not because land there is so much better or cheaper than it is in many parts of the United States, but because the effort to induce them to go to Canada is thoroughly organized and systematized. Our farmers are told everything

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good about the Canadian West, are persuaded to "go up and see," are helped to buy after they get there, are helped to pay for the land after they buy, and are generally treated as if it would be quite a calamity to themselves and to Canada and to the railroads and the governments if they did not remain and be prosperous.

There are many corporations owning and selling lands in the United States; there are many railroads trying to develop their territory by efforts to have the land settled by farmers; there are some associations which advertise the wonderful opportunities of their particular section. But there is no organized, coördinated, correlated effort to help the young landless farmer find just what he wants and what he can pay for by his own toil and the products of the land. Our farm-selling agencies have no interest in this man if he cannot be persuaded to buy from the particular agency which is trying "to land him." And none of them stands ready to help him become successful after he has bought.

In time the farm tenure problem will become as acute in the United States as it is in the British Isles. Perhaps in the future we shall have laws limiting the area of farm land which one man may own, and fixing the terms upon which he shall rent it. At present, however, we have two and a half million tenant farmers and five million tenantless, uncultivated, unplatted farms. They should be brought together. That is our problem, and we who live in the cities are just as much concerned with its successful solution as is the farm tenant or the farm owner outside the cities.

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THE SOCIAL DOCTOR

W. P. Capes

EVERY profession is ministrative to some degree, but as yet not all ministrative work is generally recognized as professional. The physician ministers to physical ills, the clergyman to the moral ills and the lawyer to the legal ills. All in these three professions act in an advisory capacity for those who are living, temporarily at least, some kind of abnormal lives. So common have become the practices of these professional men that their aid is sought and accepted by the public as a matter of fact. In every community their services are regarded as a necessity, and no matter how great may be the demands for their advice the moral or physical standing of that community appears not to deteriorate in the least, in the eyes of its neighbors. The fact that there is moral or physical abnormality, it seems, does not count, so long as an effort is made to correct the defect.

Besides the physician, the lawyer and the minister there is in all the larger cities, and in many of the smaller ones also, another class of ministrative workers—the social workers. Although the calling of these workers is not as yet recognized universally as professional, what they do is nevertheless as important to the community as the efforts of any person engaged in the professional activities. While Dr. Jones is caring for the sick, Attorney Brown is aiding those either in legal difficulty or seeking justice and the Rev. Dr. Johnson is looking after the spiritual needs of his parishioners, the social worker is ministering to the social and economic needs of that part of the community which for one cause or another is in the pinch of poverty.

The social worker has had as difficult and trying a struggle for recognition of his services to humanity as did the minister or the lawyer. It was many years before public opinion could be convinced that a clergyman should be recompensed for services rendered. Precedent and sentiment had prejudiced the public mind against the salaried theologian. Gratuitous service had been given so long that for a preacher of the gospel to sell his

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labor was regarded as almost sacrilegious. The pioneer social worker started out with practically the same handicap, and as he has progressed his burden has become heavier, for he has had not only to overcome the prejudices of an uninformed or misinformed public, but also to fight all the battles of the poor, who, recognizing his worth, have demanded his services. Indeed, charity less than one hundred years ago was not recognized as genuine unless it involved sacrifice on the part of the dispenser. Tradition was responsible for that popular impression, and that same tradition is still responsible for the opinion held by many that true charity consists in giving only alms to the hungry and homeless. Charity had been dispensed so long by volunteers that prejudice against the salaried worker, whose services had become valuable by long experience, was quite as strong as it had been against the minister. When, however, society began to realize that poverty is an abnormal social condition and that to remove and prevent it expert personal service as well as temporary help such as food, clothing and shelter, is necessary, those who had devoted gratuitously a part of their time to serving the poor became convinced that more must be done than they could do if any progress were to be made. As a result, what these kind-hearted and sympathetic persons could not find the time to do they were willing to pay others to do for them. And so as the social problems grew in number, complexity and importance and as the searchlight of investigation brought to public attention evil forces that had been working undisturbed because they were unrecognized, the necessity for organizing paid service became apparent. The first radical move in this direction was made by the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, which in 1879 substituted paid relief visitors for volunteer service. Since that time recognition of the value of trained service has been rapid among social service agencies, but the public has been slow to accept these views.

Not until society realizes that poverty is as contagious, curable and preventable as disease will the full worth of trained service and the necessity for it in family rehabilitation work be generally realized. When that time comes, however, the social

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doctor will stand on the same high plane in public opinion as the doctor of medicine does now.

The social worker and organized social effort are to-day as indispensable in a community as is the physician and organized medical service. The health of a community depends to a large extent upon the efficiency of its health department, which is in truth the organized preventive force of sanitarians and of physicians practising in that community. The social and economic standards of a community for the same reason are largely controlled by the effectiveness and activity of its social service agencies, which represent combined individual social and economic effort. The social welfare of a community depends as much upon the work of the expert visitors who go into the homes of needy families, socially abnormal, as the health of the whole community depends upon the skill of the physician in the treatment of patients physically abnormal. Misfortune and disease keep both busy.

An epidemic of avoidable poverty is as much a community disgrace as an epidemic of typhoid fever or any other preventable disease. The organized effort of social workers is as necessary to abolish destitution in a community as is the combined service of physicians to wipe out an epidemic of disease. When a contagious disease becomes prevalent one physician cannot stamp it out. Likewise one social worker cannot wipe out destitution in a community when it gets a foothold. However, because social ills as a general rule are more insidious, more complicated and deeper seated than those the physician deals with, the effect of combined medical service is more quickly and more easily discernible and therefore more appreciated by the general public than is the progress of organized social service.

The methods employed by a social worker to rehabilitate a family socially and economically are strikingly similar to those used by a physician to rehabilitate a person physically. An inexperienced, untrained visitor may do just as much harm to the social or economic well-being of his patient as an incompetent doctor or nurse may do to the physical condition of sufferers in his or her care. It is obvious then that incompetency should not be tolerated in the treatment of families, helpless because of

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dependency, any more than in the treatment of individuals physically abnormal. Yet the incompetent poor must forbear until prejudice has run the same race with the social worker as it did with the clergyman.

The first effort of the social worker and physician is to alleviate the suffering, in the one instance from social ills and in the other from physical ills. The social worker uses the necessaries of life for this purpose, the physician gives medicine. Food, clothing, shelter, and any other kind of material relief are, therefore, to those social workers in family rehabilitation work what drugs are to the physician. Hunger and cold are simply social pains. They, like physical pains, are surface indications of deeper trouble. A basket of food will relieve the pangs of hunger, but unless supplied continually, it alone will not prevent the recurrence of hunger any more than a bag of ice on a patient's head will prevent the recurrence of a high temperature. If such relief were continued without any effort being made to determine and treat the real cause of the social pains, no progress toward rehabilitating the family would be made. Instead the patient would acquire an appetite for relief which might develop into chronic pauperism, just as a patient suffering from pain might acquire the drug habit if the physician continued to administer opiates to relieve the pain without eliminating the complication that caused it.

Not every family in dependency needs relief such as food or shelter, but all who seek charity or are referred to an agency need treatment such as advice, encouragement and sympathy. The great percentage of those who support charitable agencies, however, either do not know this fact or they do not appreciate its importance, for when asked to specify how their contributions shall be used they generally select some form of material relief, the most common being food, coal and clothing.

After the social worker and the physician have alleviated the suffering of their patients, the next step is for each to determine the cause of the suffering. The physician calls this a diagnosis; the visitor an investigation. Those who do not understand the work of organized charity, however, base almost all of their objections to its methods on the amount of time spent by the

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visitor in ascertaining the facts about the condition of the family placed in his care. They do not appreciate, however, that it is as important for the social doctor to know everything about the family he is treating as it is for the doctor of medicine to know all the circumstances of his patient. The quicker society accepts the truth of this fact the better will those in misfortune fare, for it is prejudice against investigation, diagnosis, or whatever one may wish to call the inquiry, in family welfare work, that is retarding greater progress.

Having determined the cause or causes of his patient's distress, the social doctor formulates a plan of treatment which his experience has taught him will remove the complication and effect a cure. If food or some other kind of relief is needed to prevent suffering while this plan of treatment is being carried out the visitor does not appeal immediately through the agency to the charitable public for the necessary funds. He first seeks those who are obligated either legally or morally to assist the family in distress. These sources are revealed in the course of the investigation. Thus the very inquiry to which many persons object, because of the expense involved, is conserving the charitable resources of the community. The public is asked to contribute only the difference between the amount actually needed by the family and the total either contributed or pledged by relatives, labor unions, fraternal or benefit association, friends, former employers, the church or any other persons or organizations upon which there is any legal or moral claim. The field workers of the four largest social service agencies in New York City in 1912 gave to 20,777 families food, clothing, shelter, fuel and all other kinds of material relief amounting to $553,148. In addition to this relief much was given directly to these families at the solicitation of the visitors. If it were possible to ascertain the amount of relief secured by visitors from outside sources the total would be many times the sum paid for the services of this ministrant band.

As soon as the social patient is again on a self-supporting basis, the social doctor continues his treatment until he is satisfied that the family is safely beyond all social or industrial pitfalls.

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To "mend broken lives" requires the skilful handling of as many weapons as the physician needs instruments, as much resourcefulness and perseverance as the lawyer can command and as much patience, sympathy and earnestness as has the successful minister. All of these qualifications the expert social worker must have. Normal social lives are as much a community asset as normal physical lives, but until the services of the social doctor are placed on the same professional plane and are valued as highly and universally as are those of the physician, the minister and the lawyer, the work of rehabilitating families will proceed slowly.

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COMMUNITY COOKING

LEWIS C. MUMFORD

THE nineteenth century was a century of Utopian communism; the twentieth century is becoming a century of actual communism. But while the history of Utopian communism is a history of splendid failure, twentieth century communism is thus far a record of stupid success. There is nothing to excite pride in the communistic achievements of the twentieth century; they are as dismal as a trip to the North Pole, and at present, as unprofitable.

I shall have occasion to point out how communism has become a noteworthy force in modern life, but the very necessity for my pointing out such a force shows how little it is recognized and appreciated. For example, Mr. W. L. George, in his *Woman and To-morrow,* pleads vigorously for a new kind of feminist household, designed to emancipate woman from her domestic thraldom. But in laying down the plans for a feminist household, Mr. George neglects the startling fact that every household is involuntarily becoming a feminist household. If a community of feminist households could really be gotten together it would be merely a curiosity: a social excrescence; and feminism would thereby have degenerated into a select cult. If, however, the majority of households were to become "feminist" households (in the sense that they would change woman's domestic status), then feminism might cease to become either a cult or a movement: it might become a fact. This would be more in accordance with what we know of social evolution in the past: a change takes place; it is accounted for in a philosophy; and then it becomes a commonplace. Incidentally, the last usually happens after the philosophy has been universally rejected.

But first, what is communism? And what are "communistic forces"? Communism, in the loose sense in which I shall use it, is not easily definable. Communism is a way, a method, an attitude—not a thing. Thus when we speak of communistic forces, we refer to those forces which emanate *from* the community *for* the community. The old-fashioned method of

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slaughtering an ox so that only one family got the benefit of it, was a purely individualistic method; the present method of slaughtering an ox so that a dozen families may get the benefit of it, is (to a slight degree) a communistic method.

Disregarding the field of labor, the most pregnant example of communism is in the domain of food. For twentieth century communism differs from Utopian communism in this important respect: Utopian communism attempted a redirection of the sex instinct as a basis for the reorganization of society; modern communism is effecting a reform in the manner of obtaining and preparing food. These are the two fundamentals of life. The attempt to redirect the sex instinct failed; witness, for instance, the breaking up of the Oneida Community into monogamic units. But the attempt to reorganize the latter has not failed, because it has not been an attempt. That is, it has not been the effort of a single group striving to influence the rest of society. Rather, it has been all the forces of society bringing themselves to bear upon a single person. Hence, powerless to withstand this conflux of forces, the modern individual is of necessity a communist.

A certain kind of communism veritably engulfs us: the grocery store (with its long list of prepared edibles), the meat shop, the delicatessen store, and the bakery are inefficient forms of communism. And accordingly, a new standard of preparing food has arisen—based, not on the capricious palate of the head of the patriarchal household, but on the fixed formula of the cannery. And though it is still true that the food consumed varies considerably in quantity and quality with the individual income, a national criterion is being raised, with the result that pumpkin pie will eventually contain the same ingredients of spice and pumpkin in New Mexico as it does in New England. . . . Wherefore, we may now speak of a *community taste,* as before we spoke of an individual taste. In truth, a gustatory revolution.

Now although the whole process of obtaining and preparing food has changed since the eighteenth century, the ancient forms have not changed. In an apartment house the culinary work is still done in separate kitchens, just as though each

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kitchen were half a mile apart, and the lamb which comes to table were raised on the fire-escape. This system is economically wasteful and physically ruinous. The modern household is a tragic sight when one considers the housewife and the garbage pail. . . .

The task confronting the modernist is, briefly, to precipitate that communism which now is suspended in solution; and the precipitate (the new community apartment) will doubtless be based on a system of community cooking. This is the point at which intelligence must enter to aid the blind evolutionary process.

The present system of cooking involves the preparation of food in a dozen common kitchens, with the final composition of the food in (say) fifty kitchens; a new and better system would still utilize some of the food prepared in the dozen common kitchens, but the final composition of the food would take place in one. Obviously, this is the method employed in the restaurant to-day; and before I began this exposition of community cooking, I should perhaps have introduced it with a polemic against restaurants, and that seductive, aristocratic form of community life which is enjoyed in the apartment hotel. But outside of the economic objections to eating in restaurants, there are even more weighty psychological ones. And one of them is: restaurant life entails a loss of freedom. The final principle of freedom is the liberty to do any thing, even if it is the wrong thing. And the only terms upon which an immortal soul could consent to eat a sociable meal with his brother in a restaurant are that he might (if he chose) take an unsociable meal by himself. In positing for the new community an individual dining room in an individual household I wish not so much to preserve the sanctities of private life, but rather, to preserve the sanctities of public life. And a sanctity, to get down to the bottom of the matter, is something that has our sanction. Sanction is a voluntary act. We can, unfortunately, no longer eat crumpets on the street (as Ben Franklin did). But may the gods spare us from the time when we may no longer eat crumpets in the home. . . .

More definitely then, what form will the new community take? I have already suggested that it will be founded on a

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system of community cooking; but after leading you thus far, my dear reader, I regret that I can lead you no farther. We have not, as you may rashly judge, come to a blind alley: we have come to a vast stretch of untrodden country. But I refuse to plan my houses before the lots are cleared.

Yet a few palpable facts should appear to the most shallow observer. The cooking community will be a product of the city, where conditions are more than ripe for such a form of living; the apartment house stands there, waiting for the metamorphosis. Moreover, community cooking is not necessarily limited to any particular economic class (as the apartment hotel is); in fact, the community cooking idea should more especially attract the lower wing of the middle class, and finally, possibly the very lowest in the economic scale. As for the community itself, one may paint that with bold strokes: there must first be a landlord, or a holding company having sufficient capital to buy the necessary land and build; second, an architect with sufficient imagination to leave out the time-honored kitchen in each apartment, and substitute therefor the community kitchen—think what a saving of space, even in these days of kitchenettes; third, a number of families of common tastes, interests and incomes; fourth, a capable head for the kitchen itself.

The advantages of such a community would be economical, physiological and mental. I decline to enter into the first. Any sciolist can muster an imposing array of statistics, and pour forth volley after volley of noisy, but useless, figures. If I boldly asserted that the high cost of living would be a thing of the past (which it would), some number-monger would prove, by the same irrefutable figures, that the cost of living would increase threefold. I refuse, therefore, to enter into the economic saving which buying in quantity carries with it: I refer the reader to the restaurant keepers, who seem to have discovered something on the subject. The physiological benefit which I have alluded to is purely conjectural. But a movement of this sort might lead to more searching investigations in the matter of diet; and a more reasonable, and perhaps simpler selection of the day's menu might have a beneficent action on the health of the community. Then there is the mental advantage; and

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when I touch on this I am thinking more or less vaguely of drudging housewives and complaining husbands; of insistent children and enervated servants. When, further, I think of the contrast that this slight matter of rearranging the kitchen will bring about, I am afraid that the glow of it may cause me to become poetical; and I am one of those unfortunate mortals who, in being poetical, are particularly prosy.

Above all things, this paper is not a prediction, and I frankly reiterate my ignorance of what form this new communism will take: I am waiting anxiously to find out.

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THE TWILIGHT OF EXPERIENCE

GRACE S. H. TYTUS

IF there is one lesson that the years bring with them, it is that no ineradicable instinct is born in us without a purpose. The impulse to seek was never given without the tacit promise that in seeking we should find. The more civilized we become, apparently, the greater our demand for some unfettered spiritual limbo; mystery has become a psychological necessity to us, in a world draped with lineaments and spread with statistics. In the east this has been for centuries admitted and acted upon, but with us of the west the entire domain of the occult has been relegated to a sort of psychic laboratory for experimentation *outside* our individual lives; we note facts about it as an entomologist collects specimens, and having safely impaled our psychic data on the pins of either theory or fraud, as the case may be, flatter ourselves that we have gone a step along the way of knowledge. The very word occult has suffered from our blind self-consciousness and, stripped of its ancient vesture of sincerity, has been made to assume a garment of reproach. Originally it meant hidden, mysterious, esoteric—as opposed to manifest. In the Middle Ages the occult sciences were the physical sciences, such as alchemy, astrology, chemistry. Roger Bacon, of all men the most sincere, was an occult philosopher. It is only in our own day that a further and psychic meaning has become attached to the term, so that the words "occult phenomena" denote to the average lay mind anything from mental therapeutics to Paladino. Undoubtedly it is that class of manifestations familiarly associated with the word *séance* which we suspect most strongly not only as to their value, but their validity, and in so doing, come face to face with the question: Has the occult, in its broadest sense, any real place in modern western civilization and if so, what is it worth?

If we admit that there exists in man a persistent impulse to raise the curtain of the unrevealed, must we not account for such an elemental instinct by some deeper motive than curiosity? The very force of the desire, its inextinguishable vitality through-

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out the ages, its presence among every race and creed wherever man is found, surely place it among the first causes of development to which some logical effect must be granted; so it is pragmatically, not abstractly, that occultism must be considered, if it is worth considering at all.

It will be generally conceded, I think, that such psychic and esoteric knowledge as we possess is drawn almost exclusively from eastern sources, of which the chief is Indian. It is a mistake to suppose that all Orientals possess per se greater psychic powers than Occidentals. In the Chinese and the Japanese, for instance, this faculty is almost wholly lacking, and we also find in both these races a deficiency in the quality of imagination. At the zenith of their culture they were less imaginative than the Occidentals of the Middle Ages. Superstition, on the other hand, is markedly present in China and Japan. So at the outset it would seem as if we must throw overboard one long-cherished popular fallacy, namely: that superstition and occultism are closely allied, if not correlated; the two may exist, and often do exist, side by side, in highly advanced forms, but there would seem to be no evidence to prove that they are interdependent. The Saracenic races, we find, do possess occult powers of a low order, and they are also less amenable to superstition; the negro races, on the other hand, are intensely superstitious, and possess no psychic powers whatsoever. The same might be said of the American Indian, although he presents a much higher type of self-control as well as imagination, and on the surface he would seem to have certain apparent psychic powers which are, however, ultimately reducible to hysteria. So it is practically to India, Burma and Ceylon that we must look for the highest development of the occult known to us. The inhabitants of these countries speak, and have spoken freely for centuries, in a language of which we are but just beginning to spell the words, and perhaps by comparing occultism there with occultism here, we can get our truest gauge of value.

In the east, occultism divides itself *practically* into three grades or classes; theoretically, they are, of course, legion. Of these the most common, and the lowest, is that represented by the conjurers. Here we find that hypnotic powers of a high

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order are allied to sleight of hand to mystify and deceive the beholder. There is no attempt at dupery; manual dexterity allies itself to a low order of psychic force in order to produce a given effect. The whole thing, frankly, is a trick. The flower grows before one's eyes from seed to blossom, the rope stretches up into the heavens and a man ascends, and the producer pockets the result in the shape of so many annas or rupees. Yet even in this debased form we have a force, understood and controlled, which produces in broad daylight, without silence, or darkness, or any adventitious aids, an effect upon the brain of the beholder which we of the west can only partially compass in a darkened theatre, by the aid of elaborate apparatus such as revolving mirrors, hypnotic music and all the fatigue-inducing paraphernalia known to us.

The second grade of occultism is that found most commonly among the Arab races and consists of telepathic power, sometimes of a very high order. After living among the Arabs and studying the various manifestations of this force, however, I can find no traces of any higher psychic development among them. Neither does this telepathic power seem to be producible at will, —it varies with the individual, and would seem to be instinctive, inborn in the race as it were, and not convertible into terms of progress. It is purely practical, as for instance, a means of communication substituting the telegraph and the telephone, in a land of immense distances and sparse population. We must not confound this sense with the actual and almost miraculous way in which news does travel in the near east, such as the biblical shouting of it from mouth to mouth along the banks of the Nile. The faculty I am referring to is something unexplainable except by psychic intuition, acts instantaneously and spontaneously, without even the volition of the individual being brought into play, and is almost universal in Egypt, and along the North African littoral. The news of the fall of Omdurman, for instance, was definitely known in the bazaars of Cairo hours before the telegraph flashed it across the 500 miles of Soudanese desert which Kitchener's wires had spanned. In further illustration I may relate two distinct experiences which came within my own range of knowledge. While building a small steamer

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for our own use in the shipyards at Boulak, early one morning a sudden wailing was heard in a far corner of the works, swelling into the unforgettable Arab cry of mourning for the dead. The foreman in charge, suspecting an accident, immediately went to make inquiries, and was informed that a bridge which his engineering firm was building in the Delta, over 80 miles from Cairo, had fallen, and in falling had crushed two workmen, whose names were given. When questioned as to how they knew this, the men refused to answer. When asked when it took place, they said: "Thirty minutes ago!" The foreman went immediately to the telegraph office of the works and inquired if any news had been received. He was told "None," and dismissed the incident from his mind. An hour later, he was called from the workshop where our boat was being put together to the main office of the company, and informed that a telegram had just been received from the Delta telling of the fall of the bridge in question at the exact hour mentioned by the workmen, and more extraordinary still, the names of the two victims of the catastrophe were identical with those which had been named to him earlier in the day.

Another instance will illustrate even more perfectly this peculiar telepathic faculty. During the winter of 1903-1904 our boat was moored on the west bank of the Nile, about 550 miles above Cairo. We were expecting to dinner that evening some guests, consisting of a lady and her two sons, who were on their way down from Assouan by dahabeah. The dinner hour arrived, but no guests, and after waiting for some thirty minutes, my husband sent for the reis (captain) and asked him if anything had been seen of the *Memphis* (our friends' dahabeah) and her party. The reis said no, and then very quietly added: "They will not be here this evening." My husband, surprised, asked why, and equally quietly came the rejoinder: "Both the sahibs are dead." Startled and shocked, he questioned the old reis, who very simply related the bare facts that two hours before the young sahib had leaned too far over the rail of the dahabeah and had lost his balance and fallen overboard. The older brother, a strong swimmer, had jumped in after him, but both had been caught in one of the treacherous

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undercurrents of the Nile and drowned. The dahabeah had moored at once where she was, that being about 40 miles south of where we were lying. When asked how he came by this information, the reis simply said: "I know." The *Memphis* did not arrive that night, and neither did any corroboration of the story, but in the morning a telegram was received from the stricken mother stating it as true; and incidentally a boy had walked nine miles to the nearest telegraph office in order to send the message.

Instances like this are very common in Egypt and the Levant, but the telepathic power underlying them never seems to go any further. It is a sort of sixth sense, instinctive, and used for purely practical purposes; it is denotive, not creative, concerns itself only with accomplished facts, never with future possibilities, and would seem to imply nothing more important than extreme sensitiveness to telepathic impressions on the part of the individual possessing it.

Finally we come to the third and last division of our subject, and take up the study of the only productive occultism the world has ever seen, as practised by the adepts of India and her neighbors. Here at once we are facing not only a complete system, but a vast productive force, manifesting the highest type of psychic achievement within the sphere of our present knowledge. What is this achievement? The Hindus call it "passing into the hidden births of Time." We can translate it only as consciousness without thought, consciousness in which the contrast between the ego and the external world, the distinction between subject and object, fall away. The Indian teachers claim (and this would seem to commend the validity of their experience) that there is nothing miraculous or abnormal about the matter, and that the faculties acquired are not only the result of long evolution and training, but that they have distinct laws and an order of their own. No Indian adept ever pretends to have sprung fully equipped into being, like Minerva—or Paladino! For century upon century, the pupil has sat at the feet of his teacher learning step by step the lessons of psychic development, with complete patience and entire obedience to its laws. To no real achievement, physical or psychical,

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is there a royal road or a short cut, and the ladder on which, rung by rung, the Indian adept ascends to his ultimate position, is a ladder of almost endless length and unbroken continuity.

There are two distinct schools of occult training, which have existed for centuries in India, the Himalayan School and the South Indian School. The Himalayan School follows the lines of Buddhistic tradition, while the South Indian School is Brahministic in origin and tendency. They differ only in technique, as it were, but are united in their ultimate aim—i. e., the attainment of the highest psychic plane, which for lack of a better term we may call cosmic consciousness, or a state in which the soul has complete freedom on earth and independence of the body. The Indian adepts claim that in this state they are able to project the soul and recall it, at will, that knowledge becomes merged in existence. Our *individual* consciousness takes the form of thoughts plus sensation, but this *cosmic* consciousness is without thought, *is* those things which it perceives, sans change, sans motion, sans effort. In the occultism of the orient, we never find any form of psychic output attended by effort; trance conditions, where these are present, ensue as normally, and depart as normally, as sleep. The object being perfect identification with the universe, it cannot be attained by cataclysm, but must be gradual and evolutionary. To our western comprehension the theory of eastern occultism seems best translated in terms of *control;* we all know that although a force may exist, it acquires value only by being harnessed, and it is to the harnessing of this psychic force in man that both the Himalayan and South Indian schools devote their energies, with, if circumstantial evidence can be believed, success. The process of training is long and arduous, working up first through the physical to the mental, from mortification of the body to mortification of the mind. The common fakirs of India never get beyond the initial stage, but the process which they illustrate so crudely is a rudimentary form of the process employed in the higher grades. One may hold the arm in one position so long that it becomes fixed,—the fakirs do this constantly,—but to hold the mind in one position till it becomes fixed requires more self-control, and is more difficult of accomplishment. It en-

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tails first the absolute concentration of thought, then the absolute effacement of thought; and yet the adepts consider this almost a primary stage. The regulation of mental activity, as distinct from psychic activity, is to them part of the physical training which must precede any development. Their object is to discount primary or individual consciousness by repression of the physical brain, on the theory that repression of the primary consciousness opens the way for the manifestation of any other consciousness that may be present. Hypnotism lulls or fatigues the brain into complete torpor, so allowing the phenomena connected with the secondary consciousness to come into greater prominence, but hypnotism never *induces* the secondary consciousness, as the lay mind is so prone to believe; it merely anæsthetizes, as it were, that objective side of us which ordinarily conceals or hinders its expression. The methods of the yogis are hypnotic, but the essential difference between oriental and occidental hypnosis is that the yogi (taking him as an example) can use his *own* will to effect the change of consciousness, and remembers on his return, whereas the western hypnotic subject, by surrendering to another's will, inevitably forgets. One method is evolutionary, the other devolutionary.

So we come face to face with the great unbridgeable difference between eastern and western occultism, in the fact that the one is spiritual, the other merely spiritualistic. The tendency in the one case is progressive, in the other atavistic. We seem to see both the eastern and the western methods starting from the individual, and then bearing away in diametrically opposite directions. Where the Oriental works patiently to bring human consciousness more nearly up to the level of the angels, the western medium only seeks to drag the angels back to man. It is a most significant fact that although the Indian adepts have gone miles to our inches along the road "which to discover we must travel too," they have never made the slightest attempt either to visualize or converse with spirits, and there is neither place nor parallel in any of their systems for the cheap and purposeless manifestations which we of the west both accept, and seek. To the Indian psychologist, it is our *aim* which of itself belittles and condemns us, for to one who is striving to

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uplift and cleanse the human soul so that it may ultimately live its earthly life in complete identification with the immutable laws governing the universe, the attempt of the western medium to put himself into communication with the spirit world beyond the grave, while he is yet in the grub stage of spiritual existence, must seem like a distorted nightmare of arrogant and vulgar curiosity.

The only attested value of psychic exertion as practised in the west would seem to be in the realm of mental therapeutics through suggestion, where in a certain limited range of cases definite benefit has been derived from such treatment. But those who have attained to the greatest measure of success along these lines would be the first to feel and to proclaim their limited power. We are still in the stage of frank experiment with the secondary consciousness, experiments that are honest, experiments that are not. It is unfortunate that those that are not should be confounded with those that are, instead of being ruthlessly classed with the conjuring element. It would be absurd to deny that an occidental man or woman might possess sufficient animal magnetism to attract molecules or levitate a table, when we know (as any child who has ever slid over a carpet in winter knows) that it is possible to collect a charge of static electricity on the surface of the body sufficient to produce a spark; but it is difficult to believe that, if this magnetic force had any psychic value, it would only be able to exert itself in connection with a table, a tambourine, or a guitar.

The realm of cosmic consciousness is as yet a sealed book to us. One reason for this may perhaps lie in our faulty methods, and our illogical manner of approach. That the instinct to reach out into this vast domain is as strong, if not stronger, than it has ever been, is amply attested by the many and divergent forms inquiry has taken; but in almost every instance it has been sought to crystallize a system into the temperament of an individual, instead of sinking the individual in a universal system. Mrs. Eddy's personality has obscured and warped the valuable element in Christian Science, Ethical Culture has become merged in Felix Adler and Reincarnation in the revivalistic magnetism of a Campbell, while the theosophic mantle which slipped from

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the shoulders of Madame Blavatsky upon those of Mrs. Annie Besant has for all practical purposes been laid away in the old clothes chest in favor of the garment of New Thought. But the muttered longing, the search for the unattainable and the unknown, goes on in and out of all the various guises, or disguises; and Pilate's question, "What is truth?"—a question which was an old one even in his day,—is being asked as persistently and as wistfully now as then. That the answer still seems as remote to us of the twentieth century as it must have seemed to Pilate, is perhaps our fault. Are we not a little too prone to want our twilight at dawn, forgetting that to read its message we must first spell through the day? Twilight is a delicate and an elusive hour; it makes no appeal to childhood, very little to youth. It is only to maturity that it beckons with unerring finger, only after we have trod the whole round with patient feet that we come to know that the slanting shadows of experience are not shadows, but sign posts, pointing to that far horizon where our sun seems to set, only to rise in reality upon another world.

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THE STRANGER WOMAN

MURIEL RICE

LOOK on me, Love, and tell me she is fair,
The stranger woman. Soothe me with her smile,
Unfold the pretty wonders that beguile;
Press them with praisings. I might worship there,
Even with you;—yet would the altar air
Ruin my roses. She is from afar,
A distant star dust from a distant star.
Is the afar so precious, being rare?

Yet had you seen her, waiting at the well,
With wonderful bared breast and uncaught hair,
The careless robe that recked not as it fell;
Though you had caught her to you suddenly,
The stranger woman, with no thought of me,—
Though you had loved her then, I would not care.

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MONEY POOR

Lucy Huffaker

"HE never spent a dollar which we didn't know about." MacPherson, who a minute before had been reading the paper for no other reason than that it would fill in the time until dinner was ready, suddenly clutched it in both his hands, while his eyes stared fixedly at that sentence. His fingers shook until the paper spilled its lines into a confusing blur. He strained his eyes at the sudden jumble of the words in an attempt to find that sentence again. All the words and all the letters in them were dancing before him. He threw the paper aside. What was the need of looking for that sentence? He didn't need to read it again. It was throbbing its way down every nerve of his brain.

"He never spent a dollar which we didn't know about."

That was the explanation made by the detective whose feat of bringing to justice an embezzler, nine years after the commission of his crime, had written itself across the front page of every newspaper in the country.

"He never spent a dollar which we didn't know about."

MacPherson glanced furtively at his wife. He was afraid that the gasp he had tried to choke off in his throat had reached across the room to her. But she was smiling at herself in the mirror which faced him. MacPherson picked up the paper again.

"We never sleep." He had realized that.

"It had to be cleared up sooner or later." He had gone over all the possibilities of that.

"Until a criminal is brought to justice, a case is never ended." He had feared that.

"When a man on his salary seeks an investment, it is time for the handcuffs." He had known, almost from the first, that the fortune hidden away would never be used.

Platitudes all—those statements of Detective Barnes. They told him nothing which he had not known. Quite calmly he had read them. But——

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"He never spent a dollar which we didn't know about."

What did that mean? In all seriousness the detective had said it. He gave it simply, as one who would explain a seeming mystery in easy terms. For nine years some one had known of every purchase which the thief had made. In those nine years, other sensations had come. The story of the crime was all but forgotten, except when some other bank robbery brought it to the minds of those who once had been so shocked by it. In those nine years, suspicion had seemed to walk away from the man with whom it had dwelt so closely for a time. He was a man among men again. He had his place in the community. Lulled to fearlessness he had attempted to use some of the money he had stolen. He was a fool, of course. Though nine times nine years should pass, MacPherson knew he never would be such a fool as that. It wasn't that which terrified him. He, who had lost his head once, would not lose it again. Of that he was sure. On himself he could count. But all the years to come, some detective would be able to say: "He never spends a dollar which we don't know about." As long as he lived! For one colossal robbery would always be an open case. The theft from the Government sub-treasury would never be "cleared up." MacPherson would have staked his life on that.

And yet—"He never spent a dollar which we didn't know about." It was the stolen money which had sprung the trap for the criminal. But all those nine years, the other money—the money which was his, the money which he had earned, the money to which he had every right—had had its secret accounting. MacPherson groaned. He had forgotten that grim vow which he had made to himself, weeks before, that no matter what happened, his wife should never know. He had forgotten everything but those ten words which had risen from the column of a one-cent newspaper as some bird of evil omen with wings poised to swoop across all the years he was to live. Suddenly, with a shock, he became conscious that his wife was beside him, shaking him playfully by the shoulder.

"Why don't you answer me, Richard MacPherson?" she demanded. "Three times have I asked if you think this gown

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becoming. Three times you refuse to answer. Now, sir, the truth!"

He tried to pull himself together to answer her, monstrous though it seemed that she could stand there expecting him to talk about a shade of chiffon or the knotting of a ribbon. Then —this dress must cost money! He didn't know how much. Did some detective?

"What does it cost?" he said.

"Why, what a foolish question. I asked if it were becoming. The foolishness lies in that and also in the fact that it is cheap. It was seventy dollars, but it has been marked down to forty-five."

"You can't have it," he snapped at her.

Because it was their first approach to a quarrel, she did not recognize it as such.

"What kind of a joke are you playing on me?" she asked.

"It's no joke," he answered in a voice so harsh that it tore its way through all the film of gentleness which she had believed could never be stripped from their hearts. She did not answer him. He noticed that her eyes, which had been widening, looked at him as if for the first time she was seeing a stranger.

"Send it back," he said, and began reading the paper.

He thought she would go away. Surely Eleanor, within whose heart tenderness and pride dwelt side by side, would never run the risk of being spoken to in that tone again. But around his neck crept something soft and warm. It was Eleanor's arms —those arms within which he had sought and found so much. They had brought him rapture; that was the right of the lover. But they had meant more than desire to him. They had been his refuge. If all else faded from them in the greyness of the commonplace, he could never forget the way in which her arms had made a cordon around him in the hour when suspicion had come close. Time, which would steal their youth from them, might make him forget all the ecstasy which they two had known. Nothing could make him forget those hours when but for her he must have confessed, either by words or by the shot of a pistol, the awful secret which all the torturing questions of the police had not been able to wring from him. Her beauty might become

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for him as a tale which has been told. But could he ever forget the radiance of the face she raised to him, when the word came that the grand jury had found the evidence against him too slight to return a true bill?

"Dick dear," whispered Eleanor's voice close to his ear, "is something the matter?" He felt a tear on his cheek and he knew she was crying for whatever sorrow was racking his soul and not for herself. "Oh, dearest, you have been so brave, so wonderful through everything, that perhaps I haven't understood you were nervous and worn."

"I'm all right," he managed to say. "Don't cry, Eleanor. Everything is all right. I'm sorry if I was cross. But"—his voice changed sharply—"you must send back that dress."

"Why, of course I'll send it back," said Eleanor. "I thought you told me to get a new dress."

"I did. But I've changed my mind."

At the dinner-table, he asked what the roast had cost and how many meals it would serve. It was the first time he had ever hinted at a criticism of the household or its expenses.

"Are you worried about money?" Eleanor asked half timidly as they were sitting in the library, an hour later.

"No," he said. Then—"Why should I be?"

Eleanor didn't answer him. Instead a happy little sound came from her lips.

"Oh, Dick, did you see this story in the paper about Detective Barnes? He says they never drop a case; that sooner or later they clear up everything." She flushed. Then she threw the paper down and ran to him. "Dear, forgive me. We're never going to talk about that black time again, I know. It doesn't make any difference at all, really. But it is nice to know somebody is working all the time for the evidence which will prove to the whole world what we know, isn't it?"

"Did you read it all?" he asked.

Just then the maid called her to the telephone and as she hurried from the room, she said: "Only the headlines."

Five minutes later she was looking for the paper. It was not to be found. Only something which looked like a piece of charred tissue lay on the tiles before the fireplace. MacPher-

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son, who had left the room as she entered it, came in and exclaiming that a wind like that might have set the curtains afire, closed the window. There was nothing worth reading in the paper, he said, except the interview with Detective Barnes and the headlines told all of that. It was a trite saying and she accepted it as a true one. But there were ten words in the story which had not been foretold in the headlines.

At the luncheon hour the next day, MacPherson declined the telephone suggestion of Martin that they should go to the club together. He understood the attention which Martin had shown him for weeks past. Once only had they discussed the reason for it. That was the day he had told Martin he was sending in his resignation to the club, to forestall any embarrassment which his possible indictment might bring. "It won't be accepted," Martin had said. "Go on and write it, if it will make you feel any better, but it seems to me, old man, you might know it will be voted down. You might have faith in us. We have in you." Martin and he had been friends in preparatory school, they had roomed together at college, they had played on the same eleven. He didn't like to be curt to Martin, now, but he must make him understand that he could not go to the club often, any more. Perhaps once a week he would have his luncheon there; not more than that. When he had hung up the receiver, he called one of the stenographers to him.

"Pardon me, Miss Riley," he said, "but will you be good enough to direct me to the cafeteria where you girls go for luncheon?"

The girl stared at him as though she had not heard his question.

"It's just around the corner over Harmon's shoe store," she said, at last. "There isn't any elevator and it is up two flights." Then, after a moment's pause: "I never go there any more. I quit when I got my raise."

"I'm glad for you," MacPherson answered. "But I think I'll go there for my luncheons. Some of the girls and the office boys still go there, don't they?"

She supposed that her affirmative to that question would change his plans. She did not know it only strengthened them.

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That afternoon when two of the girls were telling her in excited whispers that MacPherson had been seen carrying to a table a plate of baked beans, a roll and a cup of coffee—the check reading "twelve cents"—she tried to hush them, lest he should hear them. He did hear them. That was why he smiled and felt untroubled for the first time, that day. He felt he was mastering those ten words and all they meant.

But that night after dinner, the horror came back to him. Eleanor, who had been hinting playfully for a week about a certain great day to come, had asked him if he knew what day Thursday would be. It had been one of their tender little jokes during their courtship and marriage that she should never run the risk of his overlooking the anniversaries which, they had been told, women remember and men forget with equal ease. He did know what day Thursday would be—her birthday. It was three days away. He tried to smile at her, but in his heart there was no mirth, only terror. What should he do?

Tuesday evening when he came home, Eleanor was reading the amusement columns.

"What are you muttering to yourself about?" MacPherson asked in the traditional way.

"Why, was I saying anything?" Eleanor asked, also according to tradition. "I was just reading that *Tristan und Isolde* is to be sung this week."

"What evening?" asked MacPherson, as if he did not know.

"Let me see—oh, Thursday is the night," answered Eleanor as if she, too, had not known all the time.

That was all. But as he kissed her good-night, he said: "I hope, Mrs. MacPherson, that you have no engagement for Thursday evening. I have planned a little surprise for your birthday which, if my memory does not fail me, comes on that day."

Eleanor smiled and as she prepared for bed, he could hear her humming under her breath. His face turned white. She was singing the *Liebestod!*

All of Wednesday and Thursday he thought about the birthday treat. Once he telephoned the box-office of the opera and

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asked to have two seats for Thursday night laid aside. The man answered that they did not reserve gallery seats.

"Oh, I didn't know," said MacPherson. "I never bought a gallery seat before in my life." The clerk in the box-office evidently expected him to change his request to one for balcony seats. But all that came over the wire was: "This is Richard MacPherson speaking. I think, after all, I do not care for the seats."

It was not until Thursday afternoon that he knew what he would do. On their way down town that evening, they met Mr. and Mrs. Dole, and Mrs. Dole being a great lover of Wagner, their conversation turned on the motifs of the opera. When they left the train, the women were walking ahead of their husbands. Suddenly, a block from the opera, MacPherson called to his wife.

"Good night," he added to Mr. and Mrs. Dole. "We are going in here," and he drew Eleanor between two glaring posters, one showing the death meted out to three villains by one hero and the other showing a stony-hearted father driving his disgraced daughter out into a snowstorm. Red letters informed all those who walked that street that there was a change of pictures within, every day; and black letters, a trifle smaller, announced that admission was ten cents, children under twelve years, five cents.

Eleanor, who would have said no greater surprise could come to her that night, found herself gasping when her husband said to her in a triumphant voice: "The Doles saw where we were coming, didn't they?"

"Yes," she said. It was the only word she spoke to him until the last picture had been thrown on the screen. Then, as he was helping her to put on her coat, she smiled at him and said: "Thank you, Richard, for my birthday surprise."

All the way home she laughed and talked in happy fashion. MacPherson was glad that Eleanor did not resent having been taken to a moving picture show instead of to the opera. He was more glad, however, because Dole, who was known as a gossip, had seen that he spent twenty cents, instead of ten dollars, on an evening's amusement.

As he started to light his after-breakfast cigar a few morn-

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ings later, he held the match until it had burned down to his finger. The flame had not touched the cigar. He gazed at the cigar and the match thoughtfully for a moment, then he lighted the cigar and smoked it. But that day as the clerk of the cigar-store held out to him the box from which he always chose his cigars, MacPherson shook his head.

"What is a good two-for-five smoke?" he asked. The clerk's astonishment was not only that it was MacPherson who asked the question; it was his way of asking it which was startling. The clerk heard that question many times a day, but usually in something approximating a whisper. MacPherson was asking it in the loudest tone he had ever heard him use.

It was the day which MacPherson had set aside as the one day of the week when he would have his luncheon at the club, and at the noon hour he shared a table with Martin and Reynolds, who was his lawyer. He ran his eyes down the price-list of the menu and ordered the two things which cost the least, without looking to see what they were. When he had finished eating, he pulled his cigar-case from his pocket. For the fraction of a moment, he hesitated. He had prided himself on being a connoisseur of tobacco. For the first time the line of conduct which he had marked out for himself seemed too hard. He snapped the case shut. He couldn't offer Martin and Reynolds those cigars. It was too much. Even a stingy man did not give his friends cheap cigars. Then how could he? It would be too marked. Too marked? But it couldn't be that. Didn't he want his economy to be noted? He snapped the case open.

"Have one," he said to each of the men. Then, as he lighted his own, he said: "These are two-for-fives."

MacPherson was the first to leave the table and as he walked away Martin said to Reynolds: "It wasn't necessary for Mac to tell us what these cigars cost, was it? Did you ever see, let alone smoke, anything like them?"

Reynolds, who never smoked, said: "Mac always seemed to have such good taste. To-day, if I hadn't known him, I would have said he was a vulgarian."

Four months later, the MacPhersons were living in one room in a dingy suburban boarding-house. Eleanor, whom MacPher-

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son had made discharge the cook although she knew nothing of housework except that she disliked it, demurred at giving up the apartment. It was the only home they had ever had and the associations of those first joyous days they had lived together had sanctified it for her even through the hard days whose significance she could not understand. But MacPherson had been firm. He would not listen to her even when she said she would prefer to keep the apartment if it meant doing the work herself. For weeks he had been urging the move and it had been delayed only until the day when the lease on their apartment should expire.

They had been at the boarding-house a month when MacPherson thought of another economy. One evening, he said to the girl who waited on their table: "Hereafter I'd like my breakfast served an hour earlier. I'm going into the city on the street car, instead of the train."

"Oh," said the waiter, "my brother always uses the train. He says it wears the life out of him to go on the car. He says it is worth the extra nickel to go on the train."

"Perhaps your brother can afford it. I can't." As he was leaving the table, he turned to the girl and said: "Please tell your brother I am going to use the street-car."

"It won't do any good," answered the girl. "He says it is worth the extra nickel to go on the train."

The following autumn, MacPherson told Eleanor that they would move to some little town. She couldn't understand that. During all the days of that hot summer, the first she had ever spent in the city without a visit to the mountains or the seashore, she had pondered many things in her heart. She had seen few of her friends; she had had no recreations. Day after day she had sat alone in the garish bedroom of the boarding-house, trying to read or to sew. For weeks she would not face the fear which had come to her.

"Not that—oh! not that!" she had sobbed to herself through many of the stifling hours of that summer. "Anything else I can bear, but not that!" Her fear, the oldest and the cruellest which the heart of a lover can know, she hid from herself as long as she could. From her husband she hid it altogether.

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Now she was wondering if this desire to move to a small town disproved it. Or—there was a clutch at her heart—did it only prove it?

She tried to nerve herself to ask her husband the real reason for his sudden desire to live in a small town, but she could not do it. How paltry the reasons were which he gave! He had said he thought it would be nice to live where they could know everybody and everybody could know all about them. He had been reared in a little town. At the first opportunity he had left it for the city, and he had always said he would prefer to live ten years, dividing that time between the city and the mountains, to living a lifetime in a small town.

He felt that Eleanor was not satisfied with the reasons he gave her. It happened, however, that they were the true ones. What he did not tell her was that one night as he was riding home, he heard the man in the seat behind him say to his wife: "See that man up there, reading a magazine? He is a detective. There are thousands of them in the city. You never know when you may run into one, and when you do you don't know it, either. What good is a detective if everybody knows him?"

Before they could make their final plans for moving, Eleanor's brother, who lived in California, came to the city. Eleanor loved this brother, but she dreaded his coming. What would Henry think when he saw her? On what plea could she excuse her husband for the sordid life they were living?

Henry Black had meant to spend one day in the city. Three minutes after he had kissed Eleanor, he knew that he must stay several days, and that when he left for the West he would take his sister with him. Eleanor told him nothing. There was no need for her to say anything. The way in which they lived, Eleanor's sad face and MacPherson's actions told enough.

Eleanor's heart beat high when her brother insisted that she should meet him at his hotel for luncheon the following day. She was wondering if she could freshen up her shabby suit so he would not be ashamed of her. When they were in his room after luncheon, he said abruptly: "Eleanor, how soon can you be ready to go home with me? You know, don't you, that I'm not going away, leaving you here alone with Dick?"

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She was looking aimlessly out of the window and she did not answer him. He thought she was angry or hurt because he seemed unsympathetic with their poverty. It would hurt her—what he had to say—but there was no escaping it.

"Sis," he said, laying his arm around her shoulders, "you have the purest heart and the most trusting one I've ever known. I love you for it. I never supposed I'd have to kill your faith. It is the hardest thing I have ever had to do. But I'm a man and I know men. Eleanor, don't you understand? Do I have to tell you that there must be another woman?"

The face she raised to his was quivering and white and he had the feeling that he was listening to the breaking of a heart as she said: "Have I thought of anything else for more than a year? I've gone to sleep with that suspicion and I've waked up with it. It's been in my dreams, too, so I never got away from it. We haven't kissed each other much, but it has spoiled every tenderness he has shown me. Who can she be? When does he see her? Where do they meet? Henry, did you suppose I'd worn my youth away because the wall-paper is ugly and I haven't any clothes? Couldn't you tell that it was something real? Isn't it plain how I've been tortured?" Then she began to sob. "I haven't cried for months," she said, as she tried to stop her tears. "For a while I did nothing else, but lately it seemed to me I'd never cry again."

For an hour he tried to comfort her and when at last she dried her tears and prepared to go home, she had promised him she would go West with him. On one thing only was she insistent. She must tell Dick, alone.

"I won't waver," she promised her brother. "I'll go, unless he can give assurances which will satisfy you as well as me that everything will be all right. But I must tell him alone. We have loved each other too much, we have gone through too much together, for me to have anyone, even you, Henry, hear me tell him it is all over."

That afternoon she took from her trunk a gown which Dick had always admired. It was out of fashion and it was an evening dress, so she could not wear it in the dining-room. But she didn't want any dinner. While she sat waiting for her husband

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to come to their room her heart beat until she thought it would tear her body open. Perhaps he would gather her in his arms and tell her it was all a horrible mistake! Or perhaps he would tell her he couldn't let her go! If he did, she would stay. Her promise to Henry would not matter. It would make no difference what Dick had done, if only he wanted her to stay with him. She was not the first woman who had waited for a straying love to come back to her. If only it came back, however slowly, however soiled, she would be there waiting for it.

She heard his foot on the stair. She heard his hand on the doorknob. The next thing she remembered distinctly after the blur which was her voice had hummed itself away was Dick's saying: "All right, Eleanor. Just as you think best. But I can't give you any money."

She walked from the room to the closet to look for her street suit. She was going to Henry at once. She would not wait another minute. That Dick should talk to her of money was the supreme insult he could have offered her. Money! When her joy of living, her hope of happiness, her faith in love, lay dying!

MacPherson's face was white. He walked back and forth across the room. At last he blurted out: "Do you think I ought to send you money, when you live with Henry?" She only stared at him; she did not speak. "I would," he went on. "But somebody might find it out. If only you and Henry knew, it would be all right, but I'd have to buy money orders or drafts. You won't need it. Henry has enough. I guess I'd better not send any."

The way he had for disposing of his money was so much safer. Nobody had ever discovered it. Nobody ever did. But the officers of the Salvation Army for many months had wondered what generous, kindly soul it could be who every Tuesday dropped a fifty-dollar bill in one of its collection boxes. Had the officers known that the man who placed the bill there drew a weekly salary of seventy-five dollars, they might have wondered even more.

For eight years after Eleanor MacPherson went to her brother's home, a shabby man named Richard MacPherson lived

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in the little town which he had chosen. He went to the city once or twice a year, and he passed on the street men who had been his friends in the other days. They did not know him. The shabbiness which had once made him conspicuous was marked no longer. He had become a man to whom shabbiness is the natural condition. He no longer lost his positions because he wore celluloid collars and shoes with holes in them. He held "jobs" where linen collars and good shoes were the exception.

He had no friends. As once the club had been beyond his means, so now the saloon seemed to him an extravagance. He made only a little more money than he spent for his dingy lodgings and his coarse food. But one of the troubles of that part of his life was the disposing of those surplus dollars without anyone's knowing of them. For years he worked along. Then one day he was not able to leave his bed. He almost swore at the landlady when she said she intended to call a doctor. He said he couldn't afford a doctor. But the landlady would not be put off.

"You ought to go to the city and see a specialist," said the doctor, when he had examined him. "He'll tell you to have an operation. It is the only thing which will save you."

MacPherson shook his head. "I can't do that," he said, decisively.

It made no particular difference to the doctor or to anyone else. But three months later, when MacPherson was dying, the doctor explained it to the sad-faced woman who had surprised them all by coming in answer to the telegram which MacPherson had insisted should be sent when the doctor told him the days he had to live were few. No one in the town knew that he had ever been married, and when he wrote the message the doctor thought that his mind was affected. At first he thought he would not send it, but something in MacPherson's face and voice had been so potent that he could not tear to bits the paper. Four days later Eleanor had taken her place as nurse for the man who would need only a little more care.

"There is something about it I can't understand," said the doctor, after he had told her all he knew of MacPherson's illness.

"I have been trying to understand it for ten years," she said,

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" and I don't know any more about it now than I did at the first. Once I thought I had solved it, but I was wrong."

The last words MacPherson said were to Eleanor. " Tell me, dear," he whispered, " you don't believe I was hiding anything from you, do you? "

" No, dear," she sobbed back. " I feel sure of that."

With those few words they wrested something of happiness and peace from the wreckage of their lives. The man met Death with a smile on his face. The woman throughout her life hugged close to her heart the memory of that hour. But he had been speaking of a hidden fortune of which she had never known and she had been thinking of a woman who had never lived.

The death of a morose, shabby man in a little town is seldom noted in a city newspaper. But when the word of MacPherson's death reached the city, it so chanced that there was a dearth of news. Also, the theft from the sub-treasury was still a mystery. That is why long stories of the case appeared in every city paper the next morning, following the item that Richard MacPherson, at one time suspected of the crime, was dead. One paper quoted Detective Barnes.

" It seems as if the thief fooled us all," he said. Then, after dwelling on peculiar features of the case, the interview closed with these words: " This is one big robbery where the thief has escaped his punishment."

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THE SOCIETY WORKER

BOLTON HALL

[*This sketch owes nothing to the imagination, being almost a literal record of a benevolent woman's talk*]

"OH, Elinor, if you only will—the lives of those working-girls are so empty, it would be a new world to them to hear how we live.—You *are* a dear, and the Girls' Friendly will be so glad to have you."

And Elinor did.

She appeared at the Settlement House in a low-necked dress with her rubies and the tiara, and this is what she said:

"I am going to tell you how a Society Woman lives from day to day." (There was a flutter of excitement.) "In the morning one of the maids comes into my room at nine o'clock, unless I have been out the night before, then she does not come till ten. She opens the shutters, turns on the heat and awakens me.

"A quarter of an hour later, my own maid comes and makes ready my bath. I always take a cold bath in the morning, or at least a cold sponge-off; it's so stimulating with a bran bag soaked in the water and a little toilet vinegar; try that, girls, it will make you feel so vigorous: then you must have a good rub-down afterward.

"My maid does that. I have such a good maid—just now: she has my fur bed-slippers ready to slip on my feet the moment I put them out of bed, and the cork-mat in front of the bath-tub—so nice to step on.

"Then she dresses me, and I consult with her about what I am to wear that day—you know, anyone as busy as we are has to economize on time; next breakfast is served; I like it in my room—just a light breakfast—French coffee made in a Vienna percolator (much the best way, as you will find if you try), a crisp roll, and a little fancy omelette.

"After breakfast the cook comes in (you know every woman must attend to her housekeeping) and I tell her how many we

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are to have for lunch or dinner and she tells me what the menu will be—of course I make suggestions.

"By that time the hair-dresser comes: sometimes my own maid dresses my hair—I think it's extravagant to have the hair-dresser every day, besides it takes so long and they are sure to be late.

"With breakfast my mail comes up, and then my private secretary comes and gets my notes and invitations to answer; some of them are business letters, and there are my bills to pay; I have her take the orders for the chauffeur too. Oh, the manicure does my nails at the same time that the hair-dresser is dressing my hair.

"Then I take my exercise—a brisk walk in the Park, sometimes down the Avenue; nothing is more necessary to a busy woman than the daily walk. I come in, in time to change my things before luncheon; you know one can wear jewels at luncheon: it would be very bad taste in the forenoon—never wear jewelry before luncheon, girls.

"Then of course there is bridge; but I never wait for tea afterward, because I like to have a short drive in the Park to get an appetite for dinner. If there is time I see the children after that; of course they were off with the governess to school before I woke up. Some women get in a nap before dressing for dinner, but I never can; I enjoy my work and the days are not long enough for me.

"Then, there's the opera about nine; one does not dress again for that: if we had to, I don't know what we should do. We generally go direct to the opera, sometimes my husband goes with me. If it isn't opera night there is usually a dance to do—often a dance after the opera.

"The maid waits up for me, as of course she has to get me out of my clothes, put away my diamonds, and help me into bed.

"But it's a little tiresome with all one's duties to go to a dance after a lunch, and then bridge and a dinner, and the opera. I think that's overburdening one's self, and we cannot afford to do that, because you know a Society Woman gets no vacation, not even ten days, for it's just the same at Newport, except the opera, and one can't walk at Newport except on Sun-

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day afternoon. People would think you hadn't horses enough to drive. Even on Sundays there are church and social functions afterward, though of course there is no opera.

"The maid seldom tucks me in bed before two or three o'clock; sometimes, girls, it's much later.

"You see a fashionable woman's life is not a life of ease. We have to keep our place in Society just as the men have to keep their place in business; and we work far harder than the men to do it."

"Well," said Marguerite, "Elinor is a dear, sweet thing, but she undid the work of years with those girls. We had been trying to make them feel that they are our sisters, and to enter into their lives—and to think of telling them how we really do live—why, it's positively dangerous!"

"Yes, indeed, some people have no sense in dealing with the lower classes."

"Gladys did better than that. You know she took the Working Girls up to Irvington for a day's outing on the lawn. You couldn't ask those girls to the house—why, my dear, some of them are not *clean!*

"She has a great big house up there and when the girls saw it they said 'Gracious, what a big house! How many people live there?'

"Gladys was ashamed to tell them that only her father and she lived there, so she counted up the servants and told them there were seventeen.

"They said, 'My! What a big house for only seventeen people!'"

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THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS

BEATRICE REDPATH

I HAVE woven soft raiment for her to wear
And have laid her embroidered sandals in her room:
I have said I would braid and bind her heavy hair
But she has gone out to the orchard to gather bloom.

Last night she lay in the dusk with her eyes a-dream,
And I questioned of what were her dreams as I touched her hand,
But she looked at me with a smile in her eyes' dark gleam:
What words might she use to make me understand?

So she spoke instead of the earth all bathed in light,
Of the moon as a lily when the leaves unfold,
Of the trees like silver plumes to deck the night,
Of the starry skies as a blazoned script unrolled.

She has no praise for all she had cherished before,
And has given away her beads of yellow gold,
Strange she seems, yet more kind than heretofore,
And I marvel much at the dream she must withhold.

She has spoken no word about her curious sleep,
And the light in her eyes we have vainly essayed to read,
The secret of her dream she must hidden keep
For her lips are framed but to an earthly need.

She has left her sandals lying upon the floor,
And all untasted her goblet of amber wine;
She has gone out to the sun beyond the door
To sit in the cool green gloom of the hanging vine

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THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS

VAN WYCK BROOKS

I

Connections

A NATURAL pause appears to have come in the career of Mr. H. G. Wells. For twenty years he has been dashing up and down through time and space, glancing back and forth between the Stone Age and the end of the world, darting about among the planets. Occasionally we have seen him as a thin streak overhead connecting the two horizons; we have heard his voice, insistent and shrill, floating back to us now from this quarter, now from that. But surely no moving-picture machine was ever agile enough to catch and record him.

Six or seven years ago anyone versed in natural phenomena might safely have predicted the return of Mr. Wells to his own planet. That streak in the sky became more frequent; that shrill voice which came to us among the intermittent air-currents began to develop a richer and more plangent tone. It fell out of the sky more and more as an authentic *vox humana*. One began to feel a certain presence in the atmosphere. Plainly Mr. Wells was hovering somewhere in the neighborhood of our own solar system. And then he emerged. With a strong glass one might have seen him circling down through the interstellar emptiness, circling easily and swiftly, swimming at last under the clouds, touching earth, alighting!

Nothing more extraordinary has happened in our time. Mr. Wells began life as a kind of salamandrine biped; he has become an authentic and very unusual child of Adam. And all manner of interesting things are implied in this.

One of them is the collapse of Modernity. In a recent essay Mr. Wells has told us not to expect any more dramatic novelties; for the present at any rate our business must be to make science and socialism feel at home. I derive an unspeakable comfort from this assertion. How many of us, I wonder, have been suffering from an acute incurable headache during the last

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ten years or so, trying to keep up with the Modern Mind? We have had a fresh dramatic novelty every three quarters of an hour. The Modern Mind has rebuked, provoked, and battered us. We have been taught strange words and strange virtues. We have been abjectly at the mercy of Advanced Persons, Eaters of Nuts, and Worshippers of Supermen. I for one have more than once taken refuge and buried my head for safety in the Middle Ages.

And now it is all over. I am not surprised. Occasionally I have taken a furtive glance at our singular world;—unmistakably there has been a promise of clearing and fine weather. But sooner or later I was certain to hear Eugenics rumbling on the horizon, and I ducked back again. Now that I have at last emerged I should like to make two slight recommendations of a literary kind. Why should not some promising young writer immortalize himself with a book called "Modernity: What It Was and How It Happened"? The other suggestion is not so drastic; it is intended for one of my countrymen, a young man of quieter tastes, who is anxious to write a doctor's thesis in English literature: "H. G. Wells and Thomas Gray: the Devolution of English Thought from *The War in the Air* to *The Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*" After all, he would only have to write a paragraph or so about Wells; and I feel sure that if he made only that much of a concession to the world we live in he might obtain some minor post in a Western university. Anyway it is worth considering.

In fact I propose to do something of the sort in these immediate pages; and I wish the reader to understand that in the sentence he is now reading I am passing from the gay to the grave.

First of all I should like to get a certain historical perspective. Let us assume that the epoch of the Modern Mind extended from 1890 to 1914, and that one can think of it as finished. During this period one singular outstanding assumption prevailed, if one is to trust a good authority like Mr. Edwin Björkman. This assumption was that certain thinkers and writers in the world's history "belong" to us of the twentieth century and the rest do not belong. We were to accept, for

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example, those who at any time rebelled against law, those who had theories about diet, those who "saw things as they are," and the like; just as we were to reject those who found that there were tears in things, those who looked forward to a better world somewhere else, those who believed in original sin or duty or honor or sentiment, those who lost their tempers or were a little befuddled in their minds, and the like. Everyone knows how arbitrarily the line was drawn. In French literature, for example, it was extended back far enough to include Stendhal and to leave Chateaubriand in outer darkness, —Stendhal was "modern," Chateaubriand was "not modern." In German it included Schopenhauer and Max Stirner, and for all practical purposes—confess it, my friends—left out Goethe. But why should I go on in this way? Mr. Björkman is busily compiling his calendar of the true saints, and he will make it plain.

This assumption, I say, has collapsed. For the last twenty years the thought of the world has been dominated to a quite extraordinary degree by men who have been educated solely through the movements in which they have taken part. Never before was there so universal and so hectic an empiricism. Time has avenged itself on Huxley for saying that science is as much a liberal education as literature. The man of molecules, the man of diet, the man of his own passions, the riotous antinomian has prevailed, and a pretty hash we have made of our world.

Who regrets it? That is the way the earth moves. Like an inchworm it doubles itself up at intervals and then gradually stretches itself straight again. The whole nineteenth century, according to Taine, was occupied in working out two or three ideas concocted in Germany during the Napoleonic era. History is a succession of Gothic invasions and academic subversions. And now our own Visigoths have capitulated. Bernard Shaw has read Plato, H. G. Wells talks about the study of Greek. Immemorial human nature has once more taken possession of the field, and the test of contemporary ideas has become not how much they can provoke and frighten it, but what they can do with it. Grant science, grant socialism—very well! here is the stuff you have to work upon. Can you change it, enrich it,

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liberate it, can you love it, teach it, help it? I don't see how anyone can doubt the issue. Who at least does not prefer the indigestion of 1914 to the starvation of 1870? But now that the outposts have been taken and the pioneers have unloaded and found water, a busy, happy and fruitful traffic begins. Where are the implements, the history, the literature—all those books, for example, which were too bulky and irrelevant for the advance party? Religious emotion must come to fulfil these new religious ideas,—forgotten instincts of the soil and of the heart. In short, connections have to be made, relationships have to be established.

Very strange, no doubt, some of these relationships are bound to appear. Suppose, for example, one were to attempt to get a phenomenon like H. G. Wells free of the hectic medium of purely contemporary influences, to see him released for a moment from the designs and generalities of science and socialism, to relate him in some way with the traditional stream of English thinking and writing. I want to avoid being needlessly grotesque and violent, I am prepared in due time to make all the necessary apologies; but I simply must say that there is a connection, a most surprising, disconcerting, topsy-turvy connection between H. G. Wells and Matthew Arnold.

Matthew Arnold! I can see that superb middle-class gentleman with his great face and deprecating hands, I can see his look of horror. This engineer, this uncircumcised fragment of the populace, this aerial chauffeur! But stop and think.

Wells on Criticism, Wells on Education, Wells on Politics and the nostrums of Liberalism, Wells even on Religion speaks with the voice of Arnold. Everywhere there is the same fine dissatisfaction, the same nice discrimination, the same faith in ideas and standards, the same dislike of heated bungling, plunging, wilfulness, and confusion; even, one might add, the same preponderant aversion and contempt for most things that are, the same careful vagueness of ideal. Who invented that phrase about "seeing things as in themselves they really are"? Who spent his life in trying to make England believe in ideas and act upon ideas instead of "muddling through"? Who never wearied of holding up the superiority of everything French and

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everything German to everything English? Read Arnold's chapter on *Our Liberal Practitioners* and you will find the precise attitude of Wells toward the premature inadequate doing of things rather than the continued research, experiment and discipline that lead to right fulfilments. Who urged the ventilation of life, affairs, conduct in the light of world experience? Who preached the gospel of reasonableness and more light? Who spurred England to cultivate the virtue of intellectual curiosity? Who believed almost passionately in coolness and detachment? In every one of these things, what Arnold was to his generation Wells remarkably has been to ours. Differing in their view of the substance of religion, their conception of the Church as a great common receptacle for the growing experience of the race is precisely the same. Who believed that in these matters fragmentation, segregation, sectarianism are the worst of evils? Ventilation, curiosity, centrality, detachment of mind, mutuality,—these are quite fundamental traits, and Matthew Arnold and H. G. Wells share them in a singular degree.

I am quite aware of the difference in personal quality. They are at once alike and totally different, just as a pretty face and an ugly face often are, the features being identical, the expression worlds apart. And the expression is the thing that matters. It is merely an advantage to see a socialist in the light of a man who never heard of socialism, to see that socialism is just a natural outgrowth of those "best things that have been thought and said in the world." Given so many ideas in common, the grotesqueness of my comparison simply shows how fundamental the personal quality is, and that to approach a man through his ideas is like approaching a flower through its botanical parts. Yet I doubt if there has been a novelist whose personal quality has had a more definite philosophical string to it. Indisputably it is the world that matters with Wells, not the individual who blunders so tragically through it—the world, the race, the future. Otherwise I should never so temerariously attempt to criticise him.

All criticism is profane—one comes to that. It is blatantly, awkwardly, impertinently outside. There are things in any real novel, any real poem that simply put an end to prattling.

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II

The First Phase

"I AM, by a sort of predestination, a socialist," Wells wrote once. And everything one can say of him serves merely to explain, justify, qualify, illuminate and refine that statement.

First of all it implies a certain disposition and certain habits of mind, habits of mind which are all to be found in the first phase of his work, in those marvellous tales of Time and Space that won him his original sensational fame. It is this disposition behind them, this quality they have as of an inevitable attitude toward life and the world, which distinguishes them at once from those other superficially similar tales of Jules Verne. The marvels of Jules Verne are just marvels, delightful, irresponsible plunderings from a helpless universe. To the grown-up mind they have a little of that pathetic futility one associates with a millionaire's picture-gallery, where all sorts of things have been brought together, without any exercise of inevitable personal choice, because they are expensive. I don't know that the tales of Wells are better tales, but they have that ulterior synthetic quality that belongs to all real expressions of personality. Wells was never merely inventive; his invention was the first stage of an imaginative growth.

Now the quality that pervades all these early writings is what may be called a sense of the infinite plasticity of things. He conceived a machine that could travel through time, a man who found a way to become invisible, a drug that made men float like balloons, another drug that enabled men to live a thousand hours in one, a crystal egg through which one could watch the life in Mars, a man who could stop the sun like Joshua, a food that turned men into giants, a biologist who discovered a method of carving animals into men, an angel who visited a rural vicar, a mermaid who came to earth in search of a soul, a homicidal orchid, a gigantic bird hatched from a prehistoric egg, a man who passed outside space. In short, the universe

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appeared to him like that magic shop of which he also wrote, where the most astonishing things may happen, if you are the Right Sort of Boy.

If all this implies anything it implies that things in general are not fixed and static, but that they are, on the contrary, infinitely plastic, malleable, capable of responding to any purpose, any design you may set working among them. The universe, it seems to assume, may be and quite possibly is proceeding after some logical method of its own, but so far as man is concerned this method appears to be one of chance. Obviously, man can do the most surprising things in it, can take as it were all sorts of liberties with it. The universe, in short, is like a vacant field which may or may not belong to some absent landlord who has designs of his own upon it; but until this absent landlord appears and claims his field, all the children in the neighborhood can build huts in it and play games upon it and, in a word, for all practical purposes, consider it their own.

This idea of the relation between free will and determinism is the underlying assumption of Wells, as he explains it in *First and Last Things:* "Take life at the level of common sensations and common experience and there is no more indisputable fact than man's freedom of will, unless it is his complete moral responsibility. But make only the least penetrating of scientific analyses and you perceive a world of inevitable consequences, a rigid succession of cause and effect." And elsewhere he says: "On the scientific plane one is a fatalist. . . . But does the whole universe of fact, the external world about me, the internal world from which my motives rise, form one rigid and fated system as the Determinists teach? I incline to that belief . . . . For me as a person this theory of predestination has no practical value . . . . I hesitate just as though the theory was unknowable. For me and my conduct there is that much wide practical margin of freedom. I am free and freely and responsibly making the future—so far as I am concerned." In a word, for all the purposes that affect man's need the universe is infinitely plastic and amenable to his will. Like every clean-cut philosophical conception this clears the ground for practical conduct and a certain sort of direct action.

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There was a time, no doubt, when he shared the old Utopian folly of expecting a sudden and unanimous change of human will. When the universe appears as unconventional as it used to appear to Wells, there can surely be no reason to think it impossible, after a comet has collided with the world, for the human race to become suddenly Utopian. Generally speaking, comets do not collide with the world, and in the same way men are slow to change. But certainly if Wells ever thought of humanity as merely a multiplication of one pattern, certainly if he has long since abandoned the idea of our all turning over a new leaf one fine morning, he has never lost his faith in free will as regards the individual. He has always believed in the personal doctrine of summarily "making an end to things" as distinguished from the old-fashioned doctrine of "making the best of things"; and there is nothing more modern about him than his aversion to the good old English theory of "muddling through."

Mr. Polly is a good example of his view of personal direct action, the getting rid, quickly and decisively, of a situation that has only sentiment to save it from complete demoralization. "When a man has once broken through the wall of every-day circumstances," he remarks at the moment of the Polly *débâcle,* "he has made a discovery. If the world does not please you, *you can change it.* Determine to alter it at any price, and you can change it altogether." Mr. Polly sets fire to his shop, takes to the road and repairs his digestion. Desertion of duty and the quick repudiation of entanglements make him healthy and sensible and give him a sense of purpose in things. And I know of nothing in all Wells that is described with more relish than that Beltane festival which occurs toward the end of *In the Days of the Comet.* The world's great age has begun anew, and the enlightened men of the new time revive the May Day of old in order to burn the useless trappings of the past. They heap old carpets on the fire, ill-designed furniture, bad music and cheap pictures, stuffed birds, obsolete school-books, dog-eared penny fiction, sham shoes, and all the corrugated iron in the world; every tangible thing that is useless, false, disorderly, accidental, obsolete, and tawdry to celebrate the beginning of things

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that are clean, beautiful, and worthy. Sceptical, hesitant, and personal as Wells has become, that indicates a strong primitive mental trait. What a world he must have grown up in, one says to oneself! But philosophy does not spring out of the brain; we hate the hateful things of our own experience, just as we think the things we desire. And though there are nine and sixty ways of being a socialist, they all unite in a certain sense of the plasticity and malleability of things human, a certain faith in the possibility of asserting order in the midst of disorder and intelligently cleaning house.

Inherent in this trait is another—detachment. You only become aware of confusion when you stand free of it, when you cease to be a part of it. And of all writers who have so immediately felt life I doubt if there has been one so detached as Wells. The mental detachment of his early tales is a detachment half scientific, half artistic; scientific as of one who sees things experimentally in their material, molecular aspect, artistic as of one conscious of moulding will and placed amid plastic material. Thus, for example, he sees human beings quite stripped of their distinctively human qualities; he sees men anatomically, as in that passage where the Invisible Man, killed with a spade, becomes visible again as a corpse: "Everyone saw, faint and transparent as though it were made of glass, so that veins and arteries and bones and nerves could be distinguished, the outline of a hand, a hand limp and prone. It grew clouded and opaque even as they stared . . . . And so, slowly beginning at his hands and feet and creeping along his limbs to the vital centres of his body, that strange change continued. First came the little white nerves, a hazy grey stretch of a limb, then the glossy bones and intricate arteries, then the flesh and skin, first a faint fogginess, then growing rapidly dense and opaque." Similar is a passage in *A Story of the Days to Come,* where he describes an ordinary breakfast of our own day: "the rude masses of bread needing to be carved and smeared over with animal fat before they could be made palatable, the still recognisable fragments of recently killed animals, hideously charred and hacked." That surely is quite as a man from another planet, or a chemist after a long day's work in the laboratory, would view our familiar

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human things. And one recalls another sentence from *Kipps* where this detachment links itself with a deeper social insight and hints at the part it had come to play in Wells's later mind: "I see through the darkness," he says, toward the end of the book, "the souls of my Kippses as they are, *as little pink strips of quivering, living stuff,* as things like the bodies of little ill-nourished, ailing, ignorant children—children who feel pain, who are naughty and muddled and suffer, and do not understand why."

And just as he sees men and human things chemically and anatomically, so he sees the world astronomically. He has that double quality (like his own Mr. Bessel) of being bodily very active in life and at the same time watching it from a great distance. In his latest book he has figured a god looking on from the clouds; and there is nothing in his novels more stimulating and more uncanny than his faculty of telescoping his view suddenly from the very little to the very large, expanding and contracting his vision of things at will. You find the germ of this faculty in his early tales. Looking down as though from a balloon he sees the world as a planet, as a relatively small planet, In doing so he maintains at first a purely scientific set of values; he is not led, as he has since been led, and as Leopardi was led by the same imaginative experience, to adopt poetical values and to feel acutely the littleness and the powerlessness of man. His values remain scientific, and the absurdity he feels is the absurdity an astronomer must feel, that in so small a space men can vaunt themselves and squabble with one another. Race prejudice, for example, necessarily appears to him as foolish as it would appear to ordinary eyes among insects that happen to be swarming on a fallen apple. Once you get it into your mind that the world is a ball in space, you find a peculiar silliness in misunderstandings on that ball. This reflection has led to many views of life; in Wells it led to a sense of the need of human solidarity.

And solidarity implies order. The sense of order is one of those instincts exhibited everywhere in the writings of Wells that serve as preliminaries to his social philosophy. There is a passage in *Kipps* where he pictures the satisfactions of shop-

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keeping to an elect soul: "There is, of course, nothing on earth," he says, "and I doubt at times if there is a joy in heaven, like starting a small haberdasher's shop. Imagine, for example, having a drawerful of tapes, or again, an array of neat, large packages, each displaying one sample of hooks and eyes. Think of your cottons, your drawer of coloured silks, etc." De Foe knew a similar satisfaction and has pictured it in *Robinson Crusoe*. De Foe was himself a shopkeeper, just as Wells has been in one of his incarnations; and he knew that good shopkeeping is the microcosm of all good political economy. The satisfaction of a thoroughly competent man who is thrown on a desert island, and sets to work to establish upon it a political economy for one, is a satisfaction by itself. That certainly is a primitive relish, and it is one of the first gestures of Wells's sociology.

Now the sense of solidarity, the sense of order, implies the subordination of details, the discipline of constituent units. Only in his later works did Wells begin to consider the problems of the individual life; in his novels he has considered them almost exclusively, but always in relation to the constructive purpose of society and as what may be called human reservations from it. The telescope has been adjusted to a close range, and the wider relationships are neither so emphasized nor so easily discerned. Nevertheless it is still the world that matters to Wells—the world, the race, the future; not the individual human being. And if, relatively, he has become more interested in the individual and less in the world, that is because he is convinced that the problems of the world can best be approached through the study of individuals. His philosophy has grown less abstract in harmony with his own experience; but the first sketch of his view of human nature and its function is to be found crudely outlined in the scientific romances. How does it figure there?

The human beings who flit through these early tales are all inconspicuous little men, whose private existence is of no account, and who exist to discover, invent, perform all sorts of wonderful experiments which almost invariably result in their summary and quite unimportant destruction. They are merely, in the most complete sense, experiments in the collective purpose, and their

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creator has toward them just the attitude of an anatomist toward the animals upon which he is experimenting; not indifferent to their suffering as suffering, but ignoring it in the spirit of scientific detachment necessary to subordinate means to an end. "I wanted—it was the only thing I wanted—to find out the limit of plasticity in a living form," says Dr. Moreau in his confession; "and the study has made me as remorseless as nature."

Invariably these experiments in human possibility, placed in a world where charity is not so strong as fear, die quite horribly. Dr. Moreau is destroyed by the beasts he is attempting to vivisect into the semblance of men, the Invisible Man is battered to death with a spade, the Visiting Angel burns to death in attempting to carry out his celestial errand, the man who travels to the moon cannot get back alive. Does not all this foreshadow the burden of the later novels, that the individual who plans and wills for the race is destroyed and broken by the jealousy, prejudice and inertia in men and the blind immemorial forces of nature surging through himself? These are the forces that are figured, in the early tales, by that horrible hostile universe of nature, and the little intrepid men moving about in the midst of it. And the mind of Wells is always prepared for the consequences of what it engenders. The inevitable result of creating an imaginary world of malignant vegetables and worse than antediluvian monsters is that the imaginary men you also create shall suffer through them. You reverse the order of evolution and return men to conditions where life is cheap. An imagination which has accustomed itself to running loose among planets and falling stars, which has lived habitually in a universe where worlds battle with one another, is prepared to stomach a little needless bloodshed. The inflexible pursuit of an end implies the sacrifice of means, and if your experiment happens to be an invisible man you will produce the invisibility even though it kills the man.

Widen the range and this proposition logically transmutes itself into a second: if your experiment happens to be an orderly society you will produce order at the expense of everything that represents disorder. And from the point of view of a collective purpose, ends, motives and affections that are private and

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have no collective significance represent disorder. Now the whole purpose of Wells's later work has been to illuminate and refine this proposition. He has flatly distinguished between two sorts of human nature, the constructive, experimental sort which lives essentially for the race, and the acquiescent, ineffectual sort which lives essentially for itself or the established fact; and he gives to his experimental men and women an almost unlimited charter to make ducks and drakes of the ineffectual. Think of the long list of dead and wounded in his novels—Mr. Pope, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Magnet, Mr. Manning, Margaret, Marion—and you realize how much of a certain cruelty, a certain ruthlessness is in the very nature of his philosophy of experimental direct action.

Another primitive relish exhibited in these early tales is the delight of constructing things. The Time Machine, for example, is the work of a mind that immoderately enjoys inventing, erecting, and putting things together; and there is not much difference between constructing an imaginary machine and constructing an imaginary society. If Wells's early Utopian speculations are ingenious impossibilities, are they any more or less so than his mechanical speculations? One doesn't begin life with an overwhelming recognition of the obstacles one may encounter—one doesn't fret too much about the possible, the feasible, or even the logical. It was enough for Wells that he had built his Time Machine, though the logic by which the Time Traveller explains his process is a logic that gives me, at least, a sense of helpless, blinking discomfort—partly, I confess, because to this day I don't believe there is anything the matter with it. In any case it is the sheer delight of construction that fascinates him, and everything that is associated with construction fascinates him. He is in love with steel; he speaks with a kind of ecstasy somewhere of "light and clean and shimmering shapes of silvered steel"; steel and iron have for him the transcendental charm that harebells and primroses had for Wordsworth. A world like that in *When the Sleeper Wakes*—a world of gigantic machines, air fleets, and the "swimming shadows and enormous shapes" of an engineer's nightmare—is only by afterthought, one feels, the speculation of a sociolo-

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gist. It expresses the primitive relish of a constructive instinct. It expresses also a sheer curiosity about the future.

In a chapter of his book on America Wells has traced the development of what he calls his prophetic habit of mind as a passage through four stages: the millennial stage of an evangelical childhood when an imminent Battle of Armageddon was a natural thing to be looked for; the stage of ultimate biological possibilities; the stage of prediction by the rule-of-three; and a final stage of cautious anticipation based upon the study of existing facts—a gradual passage from the region of religious or scientific possibilities to the region of human possibilities. "There is no Being but Becoming" was the first of his mental discoveries; and finding years later that Heraclitus had said the same thing he came to regard the pre-Aristotelian metaphysics as the right point of departure for modern thought.

"I am curiously not interested in things," he wrote, "and curiously interested in the consequences of things. . . . I have come to be, I am afraid, even a little insensitive to fine immediate things through this anticipatory habit. . . . This habit of mind confronts and perplexes my sense of things that simply *are,* with my brooding preoccupation with how they will shape presently, what they will lead to, what seed they will sow and how they will wear. At times, I can assure the reader, this quality approaches other-worldliness in its constant reference to an all-important hereafter. There are times indeed when it makes life seem so transparent and flimsy, seem so dissolving, so passing on to an equally transitory series of consequences, that the enhanced sense of instability becomes restlessness and distress; but on the other hand nothing that exists, nothing whatever, remains altogether vulgar or dull and dead or hopeless in its light . . . . But the interest is shifted. The pomp and splendor of established order, the braying triumphs, ceremonies, consummations,—one sees these glittering shows for what they are—through their threadbare grandeur shine the little significant things that will make the future."

And the burden of his lecture *The Discovery of the Future* is that an inductive knowledge of the future is not only very largely possible, but is considerably more important for us than

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the study of the past. Even in the sciences, he says, the test of their validity is their power to produce confident forecasts. Astronomy is based on the forecast of stellar movements, medical science exists largely for diagnosis. It is this thought which determines the nature of his own sociology.

There is usually something inept in speaking of a man, and especially an artist, as interchangeable with any ism. Socialism, in the common sense of the word, is a classification of men. Individual socialists are as a rule something more than socialists; often they are socialists by necessity, or imagination, or sentiment, or expediency—their socialism is not inherent, not the frame of their whole being. In the degree that socialism is a classification, or a school of thought, or an economic theory, the individual socialist will, in practice, make mental reservations from it. Now my whole aim in this paper has been to suggest that if socialism had not existed Wells would have invented it. It is not something which at a given moment or even after a long process of imaginative conversion or conviction came into his life. It is, in his own formulation of it, the projection of his whole nature, the expression of his will, the very content of his art. With one or two exceptions—works deliberately devoted to propaganda or exposition—even his purely sociological writings are subjective writings, personal and artistic in motive; socialism figures in them just as Catholicism figures in the masses of Mozart, or the brotherhood of man in the poems of Whitman, not as a cause but as a satisfying conception of truth. And just as, if one were to study the psychology of Mozart or Whitman, one would find habits of mind that inevitably produced the individual Catholicism of the one and the individual fraternalism of the other; so behind the socialism of Wells are certain habits of mind, certain primitive likes, relishes, instincts, preferences: a faith in free will, a sense of order and the subordination of details to design, a personal detachment, a pleasure in construction, a curiosity about the future.

These are innate qualities, which inevitably produced their own animating purpose.

[*To be continued*]

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CORRESPONDENCE

American Plays and Feminism

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I have just finished reading Florence Kiper's article in the June issue on *Some American Plays,* which advances the very original and quite amusing critical touchstone that every play which upholds feminism or one of its numerous offshoots is a good play; and *vice versâ.* This is surely a very novel method of dramatic criticism.

There is, however, a vast difference between sex and feminism; surely the two are not synonymous. Most American plays, it is true, have had their say on sex, but very few have dealt with feminism. And for good reasons. Dramatists must limit their work to those questions only which have a general and clearly-defined connection with their time. In no other way can the themes they utilize stand the critical scrutiny of the future. We have never had any plays of greenbackism, ping-pong, populism, or free-silver; why should we have of feminism?

Of all the plays quoted in the article, Mr. Augustus Thomas's *As a Man Thinks* seems to have been "adapted" the most in the telling. After all is said and done, the play is an admirable refutation of the single standard of morality; the story is convincingly told and its thesis proved conclusively. It still remains one of the best arguments against the single standard, another being *Mrs. Dane's Defence.* The theme behind both plays is that of moral, not physical, degeneration; and the analogy to *Ghosts* and *Rebellion* is not clear. The necessity of the mother's moral integrity—all sentimentality aside—and her debt to the child—by nature far greater than that of the father—can never be altered until the laws of biology have been amended. Again, the lesson taught in *Rebellion* and other "propagandist" plays applies equally well to the mother as to the father. The question reminds one forcibly of one of the favorite cartoons of the suffragists: that of the drunken husband and the over-worked, scrubbing wife, the picture labelled "She can't vote—he can." As the population at the present writing is not made up entirely of drunken husbands and scrubbing wives, would it not be far less childish and more just to compare like with like?

There are few things certain about the future of the stage, but one thing is sure: the men who write the plays of to-morrow will be dramatists of conservation, not revolt. All "reforms" or popular movements have their reaction—if not, counter-revolt. I wish the author of *Some American Plays* might have delayed writing her thesis until she had read Mr. Michael Monahan's frank, truthful and impressive article in the

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same issue on *The American Peril.* I am sure she would have found it of value.

R. DeCamp Leland

Boston

The American Peril: Its Remedy

[to the editor of the forum]

Dear Sir,—As a people we are undoubtedly suffering from too much talk about woman—mostly from men.

Mr. Michael Monahan in the June Forum writes of "the American peril—too much *womanism.*" His first criticism is that the profession of teaching is so largely given over to women. "We abandon our children in the crucial formative years to weakness, hysteria, inferiority, and incompetence." Thus the future generation is being ruled.

The present generation is equally threatened by the dominance of women in journalism, which is consequently "generally silly and mediocre, but on occasion shameless and prurient," and displays "no real literary ability." Related to this dominance of feminine influence in journalism is the turning of the theatre "into a brothel, from that indecent boldness and perverted curiosity which the advanced female now takes to be a sign of her emancipation."

All this is "the American peril." Like many propagandists, Mr. Monahan is in this connection a destructive philosopher only. He gives a vague hint at the solution of the problem in a reference to Schopenhauer's prophecy of the day "when men would be driven to make actual war upon women in order to keep them in their place." It has always been wonderful to me with what unerring instinct men recognize woman's place. However, that is beside the question.

From Mr. Monahan's eloquent exposition we may therefore properly infer that to avert the peril or to destroy it man must "keep woman in her place." She may not teach—not boys, at least. As there is apparently no thought of educating her out of her weakness, hysteria, inferiority, incompetence, vanity, extravagance, silliness, and prurience, we may assume that she will be permitted to teach girls. She may not write—she has already debased journalism and the theatre and through these the American public. Mr. Monahan is not so bitter against woman's spending, though he speaks rather slightingly of that as an occupation.

There are two references to our proper future. One lies in this sentence: "They (the Hearsts, the Pulitzers and the Boks) have held up to our admiration as literary artists women for whom there is an aching need in the laundry or the kitchen"; and another in this: "They (the same) have labored to bring about a so-called equality of the sexes, which is rather a monstrous inversion, robbing woman of her essential

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flower and charm." So we may slink from the schoolhouse and the newspaper and magazine offices to the laundry and kitchen, where we are to cultivate flower and charm, and from which we may sally forth for an occasional spending debauch. In addition we may teach our daughters our own occupations.

There is much truth in Mr. Monahan's accusations, but he unjustly exaggerates. The majority of women teachers are not weak, hysterical, inferior, and incompetent. Will my readers make a mental list of the teachers they know and answer honorably if they are these things? Possibly it would be wiser to have boys in the public schools taught by men. If the women teachers are what Mr. Monahan conceives them to be, certainly the girls, who are much more likely to imitate them, should be taught by others.

As for journalism, I deplore the copy that calls for Nell Brinkley illustrations as fervently as does the gentleman whom I have quoted, but reform is as much in the hands of the men as in those of the women. The demand for such unmoral and immoral literature comes, he assumes, from women. But men form the majority of readers of the newspapers. Why do they not protest against it? If you ride daily in a trolley car or on a suburban train, notice the number of men who read the Woman's Page, and, above all, note the number of men who are poring over the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal* on the date of its appearance. Will the box-office man testify that the patronage of the sexual plays in the New York theatre is primarily feminine? Possibly the men who read sexual literature and hear sexual plays do so only in a spirit of sober research. But if such an avid spirit continues, they will defeat their own aim. The supply tends to meet the demand. If not research, what? Aha, we have it—in their impressionable youth these men were taught by women. Mr. Monahan does admit that the situation is partly due to men, but they are feminized—the first source of the evil is woman. Let us, however, recognize small favors. The recent increase in Eurasian population draws a share of the blame. Presumably they were feminized too—way back.

But my chief quarrel with Mr. Monahan is not that he somewhat exaggerates or that he throws an unjust share of blame upon woman, but that he is apparently unwilling to give woman a chance to improve. He seems to wish to suppress—to "keep her in her place"—rather than to educate her. He seems to feel that the "peril" rests all within woman, but must be averted entirely by man. He probably thinks that she is incapable of education—many worthy men hold that opinion. He speaks none too cordially of "Jane Addamses and Ida Tarbells" and of "a few women of uncommon, that is to say, masculine attributes." Education toward wisdom and sanity, he probably feels will enhance the "so-called equality of sexes" and will destroy woman's "essential flower and charm."

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And yet in the same breath he rails at woman's silliness, weakness, hysteria, inferiority, and incompetence.

Charm is not a sex attribute—it is an individual attribute. Mr. Monahan's word should be coquetry. Men have charm as well as women—often the charm of the latter is cheapened by coquetry. But in any case the exchange of charm for wisdom and sanity would be no monstrous calamity.

For it is in us to be sane and wise workers just as it is in men, but we have had much less encouragement. The suggestion that women exercise these qualities in the kitchen and the laundry is as absurd for the present day as an argument that every man should own a farm and raise stock, from which he should produce food and clothing for his family as men did in pioneer days when they could expect nothing from the outside world because there was no outside world. There is not room for us all in the kitchen and laundry just as there is not room or requisition for all men on the land. But we must have some business besides that of bearing children. Our growing intellect demands interests. If serious interests do not offer, it will spend its activity on mischief. There are occupations for which women are by disposition particularly adapted. If teaching and journalism are not two of them (I do not wholly agree with Mr. Monahan in this) then it is our duty to discover others.

I cannot resist a somewhat irrelevant paragraph before closing to call attention to Mr. Monahan's designation of eugenics, prohibition, and female suffrage as "foolish febrile agitations." It is true that these movements have been exploited, but we must admit that their underlying principles are sincerely constructive.

Is not this then the solution? Not that men shall suppress women to keep them in their place, but that women shall keep themselves in their place as the best of them see it and that the sexes shall work together for knowledge and rationality and seriousness of mind. Let us call a truce. Why waste in a sex war the ammunition that we sorely need for war against silliness and crime? Let all thinking men and women unite in a campaign against extravagance, indulgence, vanity, dishonesty, selfishness, and vice, and work to build up a nation in which sober habit, merry disposition, wise judgment, self-control, perfect justice, and social consciousness and sympathy shall as much as possible prevail.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA MARY HASKELL

The Art of Everlasting Life

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Professor Beyer has presented clearly, in his article in the April FORUM, a most definite view on a subject near to human interest and particularly to our ideas of universal justice. To a great many people

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it must appear as the analytic presentation of a thought many times expressed in modern literature and art. *Tomlinson* presents the need of some *claim* as needful to entering any sort of eternity. Peer Gynt, who must be melted up and poured into the button-mould unless he could prove that he had developed a fully definite personality, is perhaps the ancestor of the thought. And we cannot better interpret Rodin's *The Thinker* than as typifying that birth of soul which is the commencement of immortality.

The same thought is given a wider signification in M. Maeterlinck's essay, *The Mystery of Justice*. Here, it is developed that justice, found only in the soul of man, lodges there in face of nature and of brutish-human life, which is without exception cruel and unjust. M. Maeterlinck suggests, then, that this most incomprehensible of "determinate variations," the "leap to soul," is in reality no less than the evolution of God, miraculously, out of hostile, unfair nature-force. The nature god must indeed be admired for his glorious and savage beauty; but God is other—whether he be product of cumulative evolution or but newly realized power directing the long development, out of injustice into clearing ideals of right.

Yet, whatever the essential meanings and thought-filling implications of his fundamental thesis, one wonders at Professor Beyer's final development of it: that only in the fleshly life upon just this pinwheel planet can human beings attain to that spiritual birth at which immortality sets out. Does not this suppose too full a comprehension, and too limited possibilities in the macrocosm? We are not yet prepared, certainly, to set definite bounds to the occurrence of energy forces in inert matter. May there not be also, quite beyond this physical embodiment, possibility of further determinate variations, as incomprehensible to us as is still the "leap to organic life," or even this leap of flesh-cased life to soul? The Brahmanic wise men a long time ago made precisely the distinction between mind and the common human dog-conscience, on the one hand, and soul, on the other, which Professor Beyer states. The whole matter of evolution of soul they explained by the theory of transmigration. Possibly theirs is merely too concrete and imaginable an explanation. But in view of the utter uncertainty of all that lies beyond the miraculously extended five senses of the modern scientist, it is difficult to conceive why Professor Beyer's excellent and, no doubt, widely acceptable ground-thesis necessarily argues inescapable extinction of all the undeveloped potentialities and misshapen developments which hourly meet death on this earth. Probably there is no escape from the machine of the universe but by character, as some one has put it; but surely it is quite possible that all the entrances to character are not known or travelled by fleshly embodied men.

STERLING ANDRUS LEONARD

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Becker

SO Charles Becker has returned to the death house at Sing Sing, to wait for what may come.

No doubt, there will be further long delays; the stupid procrastination of the law will continue to stultify justice. The punishment—if we must have punishment—should be as swift and decisive as the crime was deliberate and abominable: but the months have gone by, and will go by; and lawyers will wrangle, and judges will strain fine points, until there is an end at last, and the doom can no longer be averted.

An evil man, this Becker: unscrupulous, unprincipled, avaricious, domineering: a man who deserves his punishment, if any convicted criminal ever did. And even now, perhaps, the community does not recognize fully what his trial and conviction have meant—or, rather, what immunity would have meant. If Becker had escaped, if he had been able to continue his nefarious practices, with the prestige of a little czar, with the power of life and death in the underworld, no limits could have been assigned to the development of the system of corruption that has disgraced the police force and enriched the Tammany type of politician.

And yet, though facts must be faced and the truth acknowledged, there will be found very few throughout the country who regard the condemned man with bitterness, or with any desire to add to his personal burden. He has sown, and must reap. For some time he has been garnering the harvest. Though his mind has been occupied with the details of his fight for life, he has lived familiarly in the shadow of death; he has waited in his cell while man after man went to the Chair; and the sombreness of the caged has struck deeply and harshly through brain and body. Well, he must dree his weird: but God help most men if an accurate reckoning were exacted from them for their deeds and misdeeds!

It almost seems as if life were staging another of its little ironies. There can surely be no hope for Becker now except in executive clemency, and this could only be extended for reve-

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lations of supreme importance to the State. Will Becker, who in cold blood ordered the murder of a man for "squealing," now try to save his own life by "squealing" himself? It is his only chance. But what a culmination to the whole sordid story!

The Philippines

THE question of self-government for the Filipinos is again becoming prominent and many admirable people are urging immediate action.

But this is emphatically a case for hastening slowly. It would not merely be folly to turn the control of the islands over to the Filipinos: it would be a crime. One might as well turn the control of a nursery over to the child in the cradle.

If America is to stand for the ideal of service to humanity, she must fulfil the obligations already undertaken. The withdrawal of American control from the Philippines would be fatal to the Filipinos themselves; and however desirable it may be to live up to the principles of true republicanism and refrain from interference with the rights of others, there are occasions when the rights of others include the right to be protected from themselves. The Filipinos will need help for some years to come, and to refuse that help would be a definite evasion of responsibility deliberately incurred.

The New Haven Revelations

THE revelations with regard to the criminal mismanagement of the New Haven railroad are almost incredible. If no means exist to compel the negligent directors to assume personal responsibility, and to repay out of their personal fortunes the millions that have virtually been stolen from the stockholders, the laws of the United States must be pitiably inefficient, and it will be necessary to adopt a procedure that ordinarily would be deplored, and institute legislation that will be retrospective in its scope. The matter is not even debatable: the scandal is gross, and it will be a national disgrace if restitution is not enforced from the multi-millionaires who can so well afford to pay for their neglect of the elementary rules of business decency.

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The Big Man—and the Little Man

PRESIDENT WILSON at Annapolis, 1914:

"The idea of America is to serve humanity, and every time you let the Stars and Stripes free to the wind you ought to realize that that is in itself a message, that you are on an errand which other navies have sometimes forgotten, not an errand of conquest, but an errand of service."

Colonel Roosevelt at Camden, 1912:

"It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it wasn't my fault if there wasn't enough to go round."

Colonel Roosevelt in New York, Memorial Day, 1911:

"I took part in a little war which came after your big war. It wasn't much of a war, but it was all the war there was, and it was not our fault there wasn't enough to go round."

Unclean

MR. FETHERSTON, New York's Street Cleaning Commissioner, has asked the Board of Estimate for an additional quarter of a million dollars to conduct an experiment in up-to-date cleaning methods in a selected territory in the city.

It would not be fair to hold Mr. Fetherston responsible for the incompetence of his predecessors, and though he has not yet appealed personally to the public mind as a striking success, he may still acquire a reputation as the right man in the right place, if he is able to carry out the reforms that he is considering. But it may help him in his attitude toward the Board of Estimate, and toward the public, if he realizes that at present New York is a generation behind the times in its so-called "street cleaning" arrangements, which would be painful in any fifth-rate city in a fifth-rate country. Open carts that scatter broadcast the filth they are supposed to be removing, antiquated appliances, antiquated methods and antiquated results, are a disgrace to the city and its administration.

In this connection, is there any city in the world that has worse pavements and more abominable street-repairing methods?

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An Unseemly Habit

THE habit of chewing gum has been much discussed lately, and some curious questions have been asked as to when and where the ordinary victim of the mania should refrain from public exhibitions.

The only satisfactory answer is: Always and everywhere. To chew gum publicly is unseemly and indefensible; it is the outward and visible sign of a coarse, crude character; and it should be consigned without regret and without delay to the limbo of lost vulgarities.

It is not pleasant to recall such spectacles, for example, as may be witnessed during any police parade or similar ceremony, when nine out of ten of the officers on duty at the reviewing stand add dignity and impressiveness to the occasion, and show their respect for their distinguished visitors, by indulging in grotesque facial contortions. If the chewers could see themselves as others see them, they would perhaps be more considerate and less conspicuous.

Animal Spirits

RECENTLY, a young student was fined for battering an inoffensive wayfarer on the head with an iron bolt. This, no doubt, would be highly amusing to a certain type of semi-savage; but, making all allowances for the intoxication of alcohol and the auto-intoxication of youth, there would seem to be little use in this country for a student who, drunk or sober, could have such a peculiar idea of humor. The culprit, of course, deeply regrets his action; he has been punished heavily through the notoriety that has come to him; but, unpleasant as it is to draw attention to such escapades and perhaps add to the unhappiness of the innocent persons involved, it is necessary to stigmatize as strongly as possible the ruffianly spirit that is all too prevalent in some of our colleges. It is essentially the spirit of the gangster and gunman; it is associated with crudity, uncouthness and offensive blatancy; and whether it expresses itself in the milder forms of hazing or in the extraordinary form of iron bolts and mur-

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derous thuggism, the most appropriate remedy for it would be a little old-fashioned flogging.

A Word from St. Louis

"Poor 'little old New York,' local and provincial as the district in which the stuss gamblers plied their protected trade, does not rise to a clear view of the great public service—epochal in character—that its District Attorney has performed for it. It is blinded by old political ideas and dulled by long enslavement to Tammany rule."—*Reedy's Mirror.*

A Paying Concern

A verdict awarding $20,000 damages for breach of promise to marry was recently returned against Homer Rodeheaver, choirmaster for "Billy" Sunday, the well-known evangelist.

It was stated that Rodeheaver was paid $100 a week and travelling expenses.

No doubt Mr. Rodeheaver earned his salary: but "Billy" Sunday's evangelism is evidently a very profitable profession, if he can afford to pay his assistants at such a rate.

Freak Yachts

No form of sport is worth encouragement, if its tendency is merely to develop abnormalities; and there is an uncomfortable suspicion that the coming races for the Cup will have about as much connection with legitimate yachting as a sword has with a sword-fish. The whole object of the races, and of the rules governing them, was to promote a sane and delightful sport, in which sensible, seaworthy craft alone should be used. But if the letters of the rules are being strained so that the contest is to be an affair of freaks, the races will have little value and less interest, and the sooner they are abandoned, the better.

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